

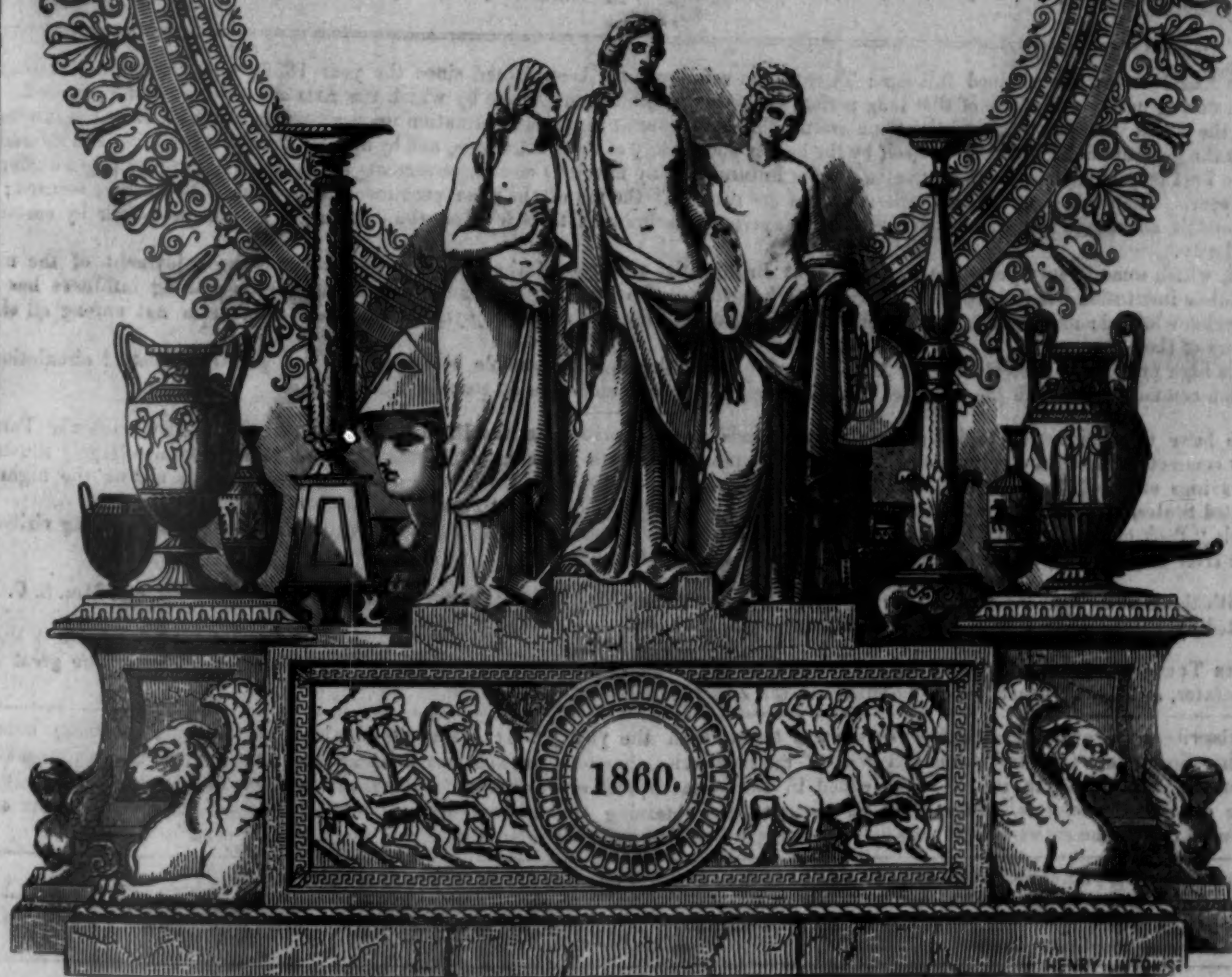
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NOVEMBER.

THE
ART-JOURNAL.



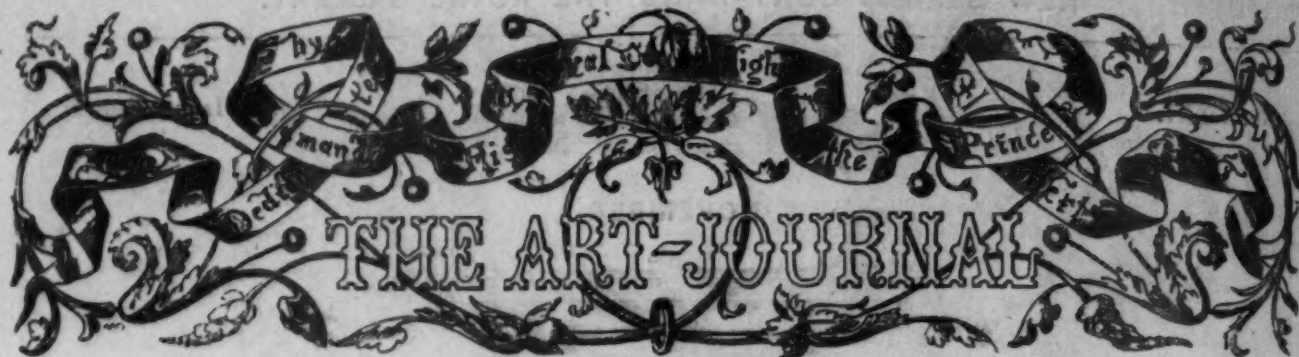
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THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. KILLARNEY: THE LOWER LAKE. Engraved by R. WALLIS, from the Picture by M. ANTHONY, in the Royal Collection at Osborne.
2. A COUNTRY BLACKSMITH. Engraved by C. W. SHARPE, from the Picture by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., in the National Gallery.
3. PAUL AND VIRGINIA. Engraved by J. H. BAKER, from the Group by J. DURHAM.

	PAGE		PAGE
1. WEST, THE MONARCH OF MEDIOCRITY—WEST IN NEWMAN STREET. By WALTER THORNBURY	321	11. CORRESPONDENCE:—THE CAMERA OBSCURA—RUEKIN'S "MODERN PAINTERS"	330
2. THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM	324	12. ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES	330
3. ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART. PART X. RAFFAELLE. No. 5. By J. DAFORNE. Illustrated	325	13. A TRIP TO THE ART-EXHIBITION AT BRUSSELS	339
4. LESLIE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES	330	14. A COUNTRY BLACKSMITH	340
5. SWISS SCENERY	332	15. THE COMPANION GUIDE (BY RAILWAY) IN SOUTH WALES. PART XI. By MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL. Illustrated	341
6. ART IN THE PROVINCES	333	16. THE AMOOR COUNTRY. Illustrated	346
7. KILLARNEY: THE LOWER LAKE	333	17. THE LUTHER MONUMENT. Illustrated	347
8. THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA. PART X. By BENSON J. LOSSING. Illustrated	333	18. PAUL AND VIRGINIA	348
9. OBITUARY:—HERBERT INGRAM, M.P.—A. E. CHALON, R.A.— E. LANDELLS—M. HERBERT—J. FOGGO	337	19. FRITH'S PHOTOGRAPHS OF EGYPT AND PALESTINE	348
10. ART-UNION OF GLASGOW	338	20. THE "CRITIC" AND THE FRESCOES IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT	349
		21. FINE ART AND STATIONERY COURT, AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE	349
		22. MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH	349
		23. REVIEWS	351

The ART-JOURNAL has attained full age: Twenty-one volumes have been issued since the year 1839; and it continues to be, as it has been during nearly the whole of that long period, the only publication in Europe by which the Arts are adequately represented.

To the Artist, the Amateur, and the Connoisseur, the ART-JOURNAL supplies information upon all topics in which they are interested; while to the general public it addresses itself by the beauty and variety of its illustrations, and by articles at once instructive and interesting.

The Past may be accepted as a guarantee for the Future. Many novelties and improvements are introduced into its pages during the present year. The services of the best writers on Art are retained; the aid of the most prominent and accomplished artists secured; and every possible advantage that can be derived from experience is brought to bear upon the Journal, to secure its power by sustaining its popularity.

Art, which some twenty years ago was, in Great Britain, the resource of the few, has now become the enjoyment of the many. Every public institution has learned that to circulate a knowledge of Art is a leading and paramount duty; its refining influence has been largely acknowledged; and there is, consequently, a very general desire to derive enjoyment and instruction from Art among all classes and orders of the community.

This high purpose is achieved by the ART-JOURNAL. It is, therefore, reasonable to expect for it a greatly increased circulation—a circulation commensurate with the advanced and advancing Art-love manifest in all parts of the world.

We have the satisfaction to inform our many friends and subscribers in the United States of America, that with the Part for January commenced a series of papers entitled, "THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA." These papers are largely illustrated by engravings on wood, from sketches and drawings by the author, BENSON J. LOSSING, Esq., whose reputation is among the highest in the United States, and has been established in England by his admirable volumes, "The Battle Fields of America," &c. &c.

This "Book of the Hudson" has been prepared especially for publication in the ART-JOURNAL; with this view Mr. Lossing visited the gigantic river at its source, and is now tracing its course downward to the sea.

With the Part for January was also commenced "THE COMPANION GUIDE, BY RAILWAY, IN SOUTH WALES," by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, illustrated by Messrs. J. D. Harding, Birket Foster, Hulme, May, &c.

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
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The Office of the Editor of the ART-JOURNAL is 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, where all Editorial communications are to be addressed. Letters, &c., for the Publishers, should be forwarded, as usual, to 25, Paternoster Row.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, NOVEMBER 1, 1860.

WEST, THE MONARCH OF
MEDIOCRITY.

WEST IN NEWMAN STREET.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.



HAZLITT, in his delightful "Table Talk," having brought up from the grave his old friend Northcote, with the Devonshire tongue and Titian face, goes on to dig up and sketch little leonine Fuseli, with his keen transparent blue eye, and fell of white hair, showing him to us painting straddling giants with rope muscles and stone eyeballs in tin sockets. Then,—touching for a moment upon old, jaunty, gay Cosway, "the little withered elderly gentleman," who, sitting to let his black servant lace his half-boots, looked like Venus being attired by the Graces,—the charming essayist proceeds to show us Mr. President West, "a small thin old man, with regular, well-formed features, and a precise, sedate, self-satisfied air"—a thoroughly mechanical, commonplace, and academic person.

An easy first in America, sectarian, self-sufficient, favoured by kings, West felt that, except perhaps Napoleon, no one in the world could be named in the same breath. Gifted by nature with a dull, careful, but tame and feeble mind, West followed rules and receipts; and when he painted a picture, thought it was perfect—no doubt that it was not, ever dared to profane his mind. He looked on himself as a sacred being, and the founder of English Art; he used to talk of Reynolds's mistakes, and would describe the laws of colour that he discovered in Raphael's cartoons. Like small men generally, he had no misgivings about his theories. He knew only the rules of Art, and following these, he believed himself to be infallibly right: he had no more doubt of what he did than the carpenter has that the plumb-line is straight.

Leslie describes West as diffident, and blushing like a young girl at one of his insufficient lectures. Men of boundless conceit are often diffident when they attempt an unaccustomed thing. In the very lecture at which he blushed, he did not blush to say that he had discovered the final theory of colour,—though Titian's "Peter the Martyr" violated all its rules,—and coolly gave his theory to the students, just as he would have given a receipt for brandy pudding.

When he walked through his gallery in Newman Street, his fifty years' labours on either side staring vacantly and inanely at him, West, says Hazlitt, saw nothing "to be added or taken away." He called his "St. Paul shaking off the Serpent"—"a little burst of genius, sir;" and before a rosy billowy Rubens

said, "What a pity this man wanted expression." Envious old man! his conceit had something in it of genius. West saw nothing beyond himself: he measured the number of heads, he brought in his brown man, he counted his ribs; he divided his three groups, he put his warm colours where the light entered, and his cold where the chief white was; he attended to Le Brun, elevated and lowered his eyebrows at the proper time, and was ever smiling and happy.

An old dear friend of mine (Leigh, of Newman Street) remembered seeing the old man in his gallery,—since an Irvingite chapel, and now a dancing-room,—sitting quietly waiting for the fiery chariot and the convoy of angels—calmly certain of immortality. Yet it was a good, harmless old man; not energetically good, but still harmless—loved by at least Robert Brenning, his faithful servant; and kind to young and poor artists, to whom (to their wondrous injury) his morning doors were never shut. He had his heart pangs, too, when the Regent neglected him, and stopped the commissions the unartistic old king, his father, had given this Quaker painter.

"Pat not your trust in princes,"

depend upon it, has been sighed in Newman Street with as much sincerity as David ever uttered it, when he was being hunted like a partridge on the mountains. When a witty and acute writer (Mr. C. Collins) laughs good-humouredly at the lavish benevolence with which people leave their pictures by West to the nation, he should not forget that West did good to English Art by encouraging the large historic style.

The old grey-headed painter, sitting in his gallery in Newman Street, calmly waiting for death to bring to him the crown of immortality, was an incarnation of vanity almost sublime in its self-confidence.

Can we wonder at West's vanity, when we remember that his life was one unbroken series of successes. He was a Quaker, yet a courtier; a republican by birth, yet a friend and companion of kings; a commonplace man, yet attaining the highest rank in his profession. When genius was starving, he was thriving; whoever rose or fell, West was loaded with commissions; whoever was in or out, West had his band of patrons eager to outdo the king in loading him with commissions. If ever a lucky star shone in the heavens, it shone out that hour that West, the Quaker painter, was born, to adorn the world with four hundred feeble pictures.

Let us retrace the life of the successful dull man, and discuss his claims to that oblivion, that has already blotted out so many of his pictures. He was of a Buckinghamshire stock, and one of his ancestors had ridden side by side with sturdy Hampden. It was even said by courtly heralds, that going further back, you found the Quaker's ancestry centred in a Lord Delaware, who fought under the Black Prince. Later, the family turned Quakers, and early in Charles II.'s time, emigrated to America, where the head of the family married a daughter of one of Penn's chief councillors, and on his marriage set free his negro slave, as an example to the colony.

Benjamin, "the youngest wren of nine," was born somewhat prematurely after a camp meeting, where a denouncing preacher had predicted the curses of God on France for her licentiousness, and on England for her avarice. The preacher at the mother's bed-side predicted the son's greatness, having never before produced such a result by a sermon; and at seven years old, West was found drawing in red and black ink, a portrait of his sister's child, that he had been asked to watch with a fly-flap while her mother gathered flowers. A year

later, a party of Indians stopping at his father's house, taught him the use of the bow, and gave him their war paint to colour his sketches of birds and flowers; his brushes he made from hair stolen from his father's cat. Having paint and canvas given him, he hid himself for several days, re-arranging pictures from some old engravings. The praise of a painter named Williams, and the present of Richardson's and Du Fresnoy's works, made him decide at nine years of age upon being a painter. His ambition began to show itself; he declared to every one he would be a painter, and refused to ride with a boy who announced his intention of becoming a tailor. His drawings set all the boys in Springfield drawing, and the neighbours began now to buy young West's drawings on boards.

At fifteen, a governess at a gentleman's house where he was on a visit; read to him some of the Greek and Roman poets, and set his imagination working. A lawyer's beautiful wife sat to him for a portrait, and for a friendly gunsmith he painted a picture of the "Death of Socrates;" but all this time his education stood still, and to the end of his life, even when venerable President of the Academy, and the favourite of kings, he was always shallow in information, and very uncertain in his spelling.

The time had now come when the boy's profession must be fixed on—momentous moment of boy-life! Painting had hitherto been ignored by the commercial, unimaginative Quaker sect. It was doubtful what the Friends would say to the young enthusiast's choice; but suddenly, one John Williamson got up and proposed that they should agree to "sanction the art, and encourage the youth;" God had conferred remarkable mental gifts on the boy, and those gifts could be bestowed but for a wise and good purpose.

The boy is called in, and stands in the middle of the room between his delighted father and mother. A woman speaks next, and says, that their sect had hitherto excluded painting, because it had been misused, and employed only to minister to man's sensual gratification; but they hoped that in the boy's hands it might display a lofty sentiment and devout dignity, "worthy of the contemplation of Christians." The moral purpose, we must own, was always strong in West, and in that respect he contrasts well with Reynolds, who, with ten times his talent, was rather purposeless.

Suddenly, from some momentary impulse which no cold Quakery hand restrained, West became joined to the troops of General Forbes, and accompanied the expedition sent to search for the remains of Braddock's army, that the Indians had cut to pieces in the woods. West was with Major Sir Peter Halket, some officers of the old Highland Watch, and some native scouts. They found the bones of the fallen men under the trees of a long gloomy valley, by the side of the ashes of the Indian camp-fires. Under one of the trees, a scout pointed out where Halket's father and brother fell, and removing the leaves, disclosed their skeletons. Halket recognised his father's skull by an artificial tooth, and fainted in the arms of the soldiers. A grave was dug, and the bones, swathed in a Highland plaid, were buried. Years after, West would have painted a picture of that pathetic scene, but Lord Grosvenor dissuaded him; it no doubt, however, furnished him with suggestions for his best work—"The Death of Wolfe."

Recalled home to receive the last dying blessing of the mother he loved so much, West now left his father's house and set up as portrait painter at Philadelphia, where he charged two guineas and a half for a head, and five guineas for a half length.

He now determined to visit Italy, and to collect funds for this object visited New York,



where he met with generous supporters, and at once raised his prices. He had a free passage to Leghorn given him by a flour merchant, fifty pounds to pay expenses, and numerous valuable letters of introduction. He entered Rome on a July morning, 1760.

The first American who had come to the Eternal City to study Art, became at once a lion. He was looked upon as a savage—as one of Jean Jacques Rousseau's pure minds, which are useful as children's to trace the origin of metaphysical impressions in. Blind Cardinal Albani, a great judge of intaglios, which he examined by touch, asked eagerly if West was black or white; and thirty carriagefuls of *dilettanti* accompanied the young Quaker to the Vatican, to see what effect the Apollo would have on him. Great was the company of "the preachers"—wigs shook down powder on the Vatican stones—sacques swept the avenues of St. Peter. As a signal, the doors that hid the Apollo were thrown open. Would West swoon, or would he dance for joy? No! he calmly exclaimed, "My God, a young Mohawk warrior." At first, there was a buzz of annoyance at the humiliating comparison; but when the Quaker told them how he had seen his Mohawk friends, standing in the same attitude watching the flight of their arrows, they declared it was the best criticism ever pronounced—and from that moment West had it all his own way; he was the King of the Lions.

Everything he did now served only to make him more popular. A picture hung by him anonymously in Crespi's gallery, was by Dance mistaken for Mengs, though the colour was superior. On Crespi pointing out the young artist, sitting restless and agitated, waiting for the critics' verdict, they ran and shook him by the hand, while the Italians embraced him. Mengs praised him, and advised him to travel; but a fever arising from mental anxiety coming on, kept West eleven months at Leghorn.

When he recovered, and prepared to complete his Art tour, he found that rumours of his success had reached Philadelphia, and that his kind friend the flour merchant had ordered the bank to give him unlimited credit.

Egregious vanity, sublime from the very unconsciousness of the man, was always breaking out in West. He shed tears once, when a rascally guitar player improvised some verses at a Roman coffee-house, in which he predicted the transfer of Art, through West, from the Old to the New World! The doggerel, no doubt, was prophetic, but West certainly never would be the prophet of the future Evangel. One of his great dictums about Rome in after life was, that Michael Angelo never gave "a probable character" to his works, but he found Raphael daily more "interesting, natural, and noble." The great man could afford to pat Raphael on the head, and to snub Buonarrotti. Everywhere honours and success. Parma, Bologna, and Florence, elect him into their academies. At Parma, the reigning prince gives him an audience; and in France, he stops to prophesy revolution.

A member of I do not know how many foreign academies, West, the lion of Rome, the pet of cardinals, the talented Quaker, who had dared to appear at the court of the Princes of Parma with his hat on, returned to London in 1763, to tarry a short time, and then fly home to his father's land. This clever mediocrity came at a time peculiarly favourable to a mediocrity that acknowledged no difficulties in Art, and had so many claims to public notice: Hogarth was failing, and his mind was on the lees; Reynolds had given up the dreams of high Art for the solid advantage of portrait painting; Wilson was despised, and taking to that false friend—brandy, the true *aqua mortis*; Gainsborough sought fame in landscapes, which would not sell; Barry was fretting and copy-

ing at Rome. West, with all his mediocrity, could see this; he at once took rooms in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, got introductions to Wilson the neglected, and Reynolds the prosperous, and set to work as a professed historical painter without competitors. The course was there for him to trot over; the turf was green, fresh, and without a hoof-print. His 'Angelica and Medora,' his 'Simon and Iphigenia,' and a portrait of 'General Monckton,' Wolfe's right hand at the battle of Quebec, were all "sweet poison for the age's tooth." Johnson and Burke approved his works, and the oracle of the clubs, though purblind, had a voice as eloquent to lead other men as Burke's. His clear, shallow, dull colour was new to those days of dark pictures; above all, his quiet, religious, and classic subjects, won the church and the university. Every day was a step onwards, and brought with it fresh rumours of his successes: now he was painting the touching scene of 'The Parting of Hector and Andromache,' for Dr. Newton; now the 'Return of the Prodigal Son,' for the Bishop of Worcester; now he had refused £700 a year to go down and decorate Lord Rockingham's country mansion in Yorkshire. Cold, prudent, and industrious, such a man as West could not fail to get on. With the true calmness of his nature, West yielded to the persuasions of his friends, and contrived that his intended bride should come to him from Philadelphia, instead of leaving his easel to fetch her. She came, and they were married at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, gravely and calmly as Quakers should be, with no outburst of intemperate joy, and no visible demonstration of feeling.

But the great instrument of West's success was his zealous friend, Dr. Drummond, Archbishop of York. West listened patiently to his powerful patron, and painted for him, from a passage in Tacitus, 'Agrippina landing with the ashes of Germanicus.' The archbishop, flattered by the prudent painter's alacrity, never rested trying to benefit the young Quaker. He tried laboriously, but in vain, to raise for him £3,000, to enable him to give up portraits and take entirely to historical painting. He teased the Duke of Portland, and worried Lord Rockingham; he even obtained an audience of the young king, and told him of the genius of the devout young American. The royal mandate at last went forth: "Let me see this young painter of yours, with his 'Agrippina,' as soon as you please."

Before the archbishop could reach West's house, a lady of the court, with the mystery of an old sibyl, had brought the painter the news, though without disclosing her name. Before the door had well shut after this fair *avant courier* of good fortune, an officer of the palace arrived to summon West with his 'Agrippina' to the palace. The courtier told him the not very wise king was frank and candid, of great purity and goodness; the impression these words made on the delighted Quaker began a forty years' friendship between the king and the lucky artist.

The 'Agrippina' was admired. The king proposed "a noble Roman subject—the Departure of Regulus from Rome." The painter said it was a magnificent subject. The flattered king, won, as the archbishop had been, at once ordered it. The king helped to put the picture on the easel, and ordered the attendants out of the room. He would even have read the Regulus scene from Livy, had not that book of the history been lost. With the man of tact everything goes well, while Wilson pines in a garret, and Barry, working at gratuitous pictures, is training for starvation. At this crisis of success, various auxiliary circumstances concurred to help West on the right road.

He became renowned on the Serpentine for his skating, and Colonel Howe, who had witnessed his skill in America, brought all the *beau monde* to witness his performance. These admirers, by an easy transition, passed from admirers into patrons and sitters: everywhere in this man's life quiet tact was the lodestar of success.

Even from the quarrels of artists he obtained some benefit. West and Reynolds retired from the Society of Incorporated Artists, who had fallen out about the mode in which their exhibition profits should be spent. The sculptors said, Buy sculpture; the artists, Collect pictures; the rich neutrals, Put the money in the funds, and let it grow, sir, grow.

Quietly, velvet-footed, after his manner, West got the ear of the king. He flattered the weak, good, shallow man by encouraging him to draw up some plans for a new association, although he had given his pledge to the old society, whose manager, Kirby, had taught the young king perspective. Kirby, in his inaugural speech, assured his colleagues of the king's indifference to the seceders. He little knew the thunderbolt that was forging for him by the quiet, smooth-tongued, respectable intriguer.

One day West is painting on 'Regulus,' the king and queen looking on, smiling their royal approval. Mr. Kirby is announced. There are whispers in German, as Mr. Kirby is admitted, and introduced to the young American.

Kirby, half alarmed, affecting an air of patronage and indifference, turned to the king, and said—"Why, your Majesty never mentioned this work to me. Ha! Who made the frame? It is not made by your Majesty's workmen; it ought to have been made by the royal carver and gilder."

Calmly and coldly, as only royalty, when below freezing-point, can be, the king replied—"Kirby, whenever you are able to paint such a picture as this, your friend shall make the frame."

Kirby gets redder and more alarmed; he must try conciliation. "I hope, Mr. West, that you intend to exhibit this picture." What a smile expands the mouth and widens the eyes of Kirby!

Says West, scarcely looking from his picture—"It is painted for the palace, and the exhibition must depend upon his Majesty's pleasure."

Both Kirby and West mean what they say—not for each other, but for the king. The king breaks in here and says—"Assuredly, I shall be very happy to let the work be shown to the public."

Kirby is now getting into smoother water; he presses his advantage by continuing the flattery. "Then, Mr. West, you will send it to my exhibition?"

Miserable man, now comes your *coup de grace*, as the king sternly answers for his silent *protégé*—"No; it must go to my exhibition—to the Royal Academy."

Kirby bowed and retired; when he died shortly after, no one could decide whether he died of old age or of mortification and broken heart. When the Royal Academy opened at Somerset House, West's 'Regulus' was the sun of the room.

West, being now the first English historical painter, began to sweep away some of the conventions of the art he had embraced, and doing that was the chief good he ever did. In his 'Death of Wolfe,' bought by Lord Grosvenor, he abandoned classic dress, and clothed the Indians and soldiers daringly in the costume of his own time. The opposition at first was alarming, but common sense prevailed. The king refused to purchase; Reynolds and the Archbishop of York came to entreat him not to run any risk of losing the public

he had just begun to win. What Kemble did years after for the stage, West did now for Art.

He silenced Reynolds and friend by the simple but obvious argument—America was unknown to Greece and Rome, and their costume was obsolete. The classic dress he confessed was picturesque, but to introduce it would be to gain in grace and lose in sentiment. He wanted to paint truth, not fiction; and to mark the place, time, and people.

They went away, and returned again. Reynolds, after half an hour's thought before the canvas, rose and said, "West has conquered; this picture will occasion a revolution in Art!" At this time he was not so jealous of West as he afterwards became.

West was now famous, and the royal commissions kept him in incessant work. You may still see the dreary pictures of the mediocre man in the quiet rooms at Hampton Court, where they rest as in almshouses—old, invalided, and now almost forgotten candidates for immortality. There is Epaminondas dying, and Chevalier Bayard, in grievously inaccurate costume, following suit; Cyrus liberating the King of Armenia's family, and somebody and his daughter (rather Guelphic in face) being brought before Germanicus.

West was always at the royal ear, to flatter and propitiate. When the king grew tired of the Iliad, he painted subjects from English history and the Bible. He was always quietly stimulating his royal patron to fresh orders, and persuading him that the suggestions arose in his own mind.

When the king grew tired of the classics, West lamented that the Italians, in painting perpetually the miracles and triumphs of saints, had neglected their national history. The king instantly proposed that West should decorate St. George's Hall, Windsor, with seven scenes from Froissart. They are weak vapourities, that the tamest eclectic of the Caracci school would have disdained to produce. But the colour is clear, and reasonably pure; and they are full of West's calm, dull, self-confidence; yet at the best are only fit for an hotel or a concert-room. O tact, tact,—thy worldly triumphs are greater than those of genius. Weary of Froissart, and the posture-making knights, West proposed to the king to decorate his chapel with a series of pictures showing the Progress of Revealed Religion. The king, flattered by the disinterested fidelity of his American painter, consented to consult a council of bishops as to whether it was right for Protestants to introduce religious paintings into their churches. The king remembered the Reformers' horror of paintings and the Puritans' dislike; the subject was a debatable one then, as it is now.

But when kings ask advice, they ask only to get confirmation of their own opinions; the bishops answered as the king wished. Bishop Hurd, as their spokesman, said that "They had examined Mr. West's thirty-six subjects, and that not one of them but might be treated in a way that even a Quaker might contemplate with edification."

The king was offended; for it is said in youth he had fallen in love with a Quaker girl (Hannah Lightfoot), and he loved West because he was of the same sect. The king replied tartly to the bowing bishop, "The Quakers are a body of Christians, for whom I have a high respect. I love their peaceful tenets, and their benevolence to one another; and but for the obligations of birth, I would be a Quaker." The snubbed bishop bowed, as Kirby had done before, and retired.

The Du Bartas of painting, the dull prolific man, went to work at the series of thirty-six Scripture pictures, as he would have done to decorate St. Paul's, or adorn all the palaces of

England with frescoes: calmly, confidently, dully, he went to work—finally achieving twenty-eight out of the series, and netting £21,700; no bad reward for mediocrity! What Leonardo, and Raphael, and Michael Angelo had done, he did with all the tameness of Carlo Dolce, and the tedious equality of Guido's old age; and to these great works and great profits we must add a series of royal portraits, for which he received two thousand guineas.

Even the American war only rooted West deeper in the favour of the king; for he then became the royal gossip, and the chief source of information as to the character and doings of Washington and his brave colleagues.

He told his stories of his Indian masters in painting, and of the finding the Halkets' bones, I have no doubt, till every footman in the palace knew them by heart. West, who considered himself favoured by heaven, believed that his communications were of the deepest importance to the king, and began to think himself a privy councillor all but in name.

Can we wonder that on Reynolds's death West succeeded him as President of the Royal Academy; and that tame lectures, stuffed with flowery truisms, were applauded by lads who really considered their president, as Fuseli did, an old woman? Weak, cold common sense is but heavy porridge for the young mind; but the students were dazzled by his court influence,—and, luckily for West, attendance is all but compulsory at academic lectures.

Steadily, unruffled went on West, with his cold dignity, his commendable industry, his diplomatic reserve, and his ungenerous, respectable coldness, safe and prudent to the last. It was thought wonderful of the great man to attend Gainsborough's funeral; and that such attendance should be thought wonderful proves him cold and selfish, for the dead was neither poor nor unknown; and by the side of a friend's grave one's own small ambitions appear but trivial things at the best. Barry might starve in his Castle Street den; Wilson die broken-hearted; Procter and Deane perish in their prime: nothing ruffled the calm serenity of West's vanity. Silent, easy, grave, and sedate, he waited for the certain immortality, and walked his gallery as if the halo were already luminous round his brow: a living statue, he moved about imperturbable and content. Jostling nobody, yet fenced in from all rivalry, his life moved on calmly as a summer's day. From Newman Street to Windsor and back he glided—a saintly courtier moving in a frozen atmosphere no accident could thaw. A flatterer and a friend of the king's youth, he was fixed immovably in royal favour.

There is every reason to suppose that West, like Haydon, might have better succeeded had he lowered his ambition. In simple *genre* subjects West might have left a permanent name. Leslie speaks highly of the picture of his family, which he had seen when a boy in a print-shop window in Philadelphia. He calls it the most original of his works—which is not saying much—and praises its nature and simplicity. Everything in it is individual, characteristic, and essential; its masses of light and dark are broad and strong. Afterwards West painted too fast—away from nature—on subjects his imagination could not reproduce; and he spoiled everything by throwing over it the sham classical wet blanket. The picture represents the Quaker relatives paying their first visit to Mrs. West after the birth of her child. John West and his eldest son keep on their hats. They are all sitting in silent meditation for a moment, till the old man shall rise, remove his hat, and offer up a prayer for the mother and infant.

A gentle flatterer, West knew well how to propitiate foolish and great people, though they might be kings. Even when he had

introduced that great reform into English Art—the introduction of modern costume into historical pictures—when Reynolds and the archbishop were all running about aghast, and asking each other's opinion, West was wise enough to let the king question him about his artistic schism. West's answers were mere common sense, and what every one now thinks, but in that conventional age they were thought wisdom.

We may laugh at all this, but we must remember that though wigs were foolish things, he was a brave, wise man who dared first burn his wig and wear his own hair, and he deserves a statue in the Abbey as much as half of them. King George, repenting too late, bought a copy of the picture that Lord Grosvenor had purchased. He filled his palaces with West's rubbish. West listened to all the fancies of his royal patron, and painted everything tamely, coldly, with the same dull faces and incorrect costume, careless of the envy of Reynolds's friends at the Quaker's monopoly of royal patronage.

He amused the king as projecting builders do some men—humoured his slightest fancy, and made him pleased at believing he had a taste, so that Art, after all, was rather an expensive hobby of the poor king, and somewhat (considering West's talent) a proof of incipient insanity. West was a rich Sir Oracle, the friend of princes, the man whom the world delighted unjustly to honour; though all the time, as even his obliged friend Haydon ferociously yet truly said, "In drawing his style was beggarly, skinny, and mean; his light and shadow scattered, his colour brick-dust, his women without beauty,—not one single picture to delight the taste, imagination, or the heart: the block machine at Portsmouth could be taught to paint as well."

West remained after, as before, his dignity, meek yet dignified, unobtrusive yet good-naturedly self-satisfied. Every day up early, work from ten till four; dress, dine, see visitors, and work again. Such was the even tenour of the self-deceived old man's way.

I sometimes indeed think that West's pride was scarcely inferior to his self-conceit, for he refused knighthood from the king, thinking "a more permanent title" more desirable.

When the dark veil fell over the king, a cloud fell suddenly on West's fortune. It was like an axe falling on his neck. His income ceased, his pictures were stopped,—all owing he thought to Queen Charlotte's anger at his visiting Napoleon in 1802, or, as some persons guessed, to the wish to make up the Duke of York's income. These suspensions, however, were after many relapses and returns of income. In vain the Nestor of Art protested that the suspension of his work would injure the national Art; the patronage never returned again in full flow. Things went badly with West after this. Neither Fox, Pitt, nor Percival redeemed their promises of aiding an Art association West wished to found. The times were too busy to think of Art.

Perpetually opposed at the Academy by Lee, West retired, and gave way to Wyatt, the architect, though he was afterwards re-elected. Yet still through all the old man remained bland, unruffled, self-satisfied; and, painting his 'Christ healing the Sick,' received three thousand guineas for it from the British Institution. A copy of it he sent to Philadelphia to adorn a hospital, after its exhibition had helped to collect funds for its erection. On he went painting large unsaleable historical pictures, till one day Death entered the studio, and called the old man gently from his peaceful art, where he had long been waiting the summons. He went, as he believed, to be a crowned demigod of Art, but his first step was down deep into the darkness of oblivion.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.

THE Report of the Committee of the House of Commons upon the "South Kensington Museum," which has been recently laid before the public, contains some evidence on that particular collection now at South Kensington, known as the "ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM." We desire to invite the attention of our readers to the more striking parts of this evidence, and at the same time we gladly avail ourselves of a consistent opportunity for introducing into our pages a general notice of the Architectural Museum itself.

This museum was established early in the year 1852, by a number of professional architects, with whom a few gentlemen, who felt a warm interest in architecture, were associated, their main object being to form such a collection of casts, models, specimens, &c., as would be best calculated to facilitate the studies of Art-workmen in all the arts subsidiary to and connected with architecture. The hope was also entertained by its projectors, that this Architectural Museum might supply one great and definite deficiency which then existed in our public Art-collections—viz., that they did not take cognizance of the Arts of the Middle Ages, except in a trifling and casual manner. To Gothic Art the chief promoters of the Architectural Museum were heartily devoted; and, while it should comprehend all styles within the range of its collections, the Gothic was the style which they determined should predominate in their museum. Thus the Architectural Museum was projected and formed with the view to bring together, under a single roof in London, fac-simile models of great architectural works, which might be studied with comparative ease by artist-workmen, whose means and opportunities would preclude the possibility of their travelling either in England or in foreign countries, for the purpose of examining and studying the original productions of the great architects of past times. If the museum should also exert a beneficial influence upon the public at large, by extending a practical acquaintance with the greatest of the Arts, its founders would experience a two-fold satisfaction. In both their primary and their secondary object, we cordially sympathise with the gentlemen who undertook the enterprise of forming the Architectural Museum. With them, we always desire to facilitate the opportunities that artist-workmen may command for really advantageous study; nor are we less anxious to promote any institution which may be the means of rendering the Arts generally better understood, and, therefore, more adequately appreciated.

In the first instance, the Architectural Museum had its home in a veritable hayloft, still existing, and now well stored with hay and straw, in the immediate neighbourhood of Westminster Bridge, and close to the Duke of Buccleuch's new mansion. Here, in this quaint and most unarchitectural *habitat*, the museum worked with quiet steadiness till the year 1855. The place was easy of access, even though the ascent was by an external ladder. The collections also, notwithstanding the fact of their being stowed away amongst rough beams, were readily available for the use of students. The lectures, however inconvenient both the room and the seats, were popular; they were earnest and practical, and they told well with the audience. And when the committee gave their annual conversazione, and courteous Earl de Grey, the President of the Museum, wearing the Insignia of the Garter, received the guests,—many of them ladies habited (as they supposed) after a fashion exactly in harmony with an earl's saloons,—the old hayloft, with its multitudinous array of solemn casts, brightened up and proved quite

equal to the occasion, and every one present was sure to declare the whole affair a complete success—they had enjoyed even the very strangeness of the thing.

But there was one element of success which did not attend the efforts of the committee—they were unable to obtain an adequate income. The income they did raise proved to be just sufficient to meet the yearly expenditure: but the original expenses were never cleared off. Application was eventually made for aid from the Government, and in 1855 the sum of £100 was granted as a subscription for the following year. This grant was not repeated. In its stead a proposition was made to the Museum Committee, to transfer their collections to the new museum buildings then just completed, and in readiness for use, at South Kensington. The "Department of Science and Art" offered to give space in their new museum, rent-free, for the architectural collections; and they also undertook the removal at their own cost. After much consideration, and as much hesitation, this offer was accepted. The Museum Committee ceased to pay their £100 per annum rent for the hayloft, and their casts and other collections migrated to South Kensington. Of course, the Architectural Museum at South Kensington was to conform to the general system of South Kensington administration, the original Committee of the Museum retaining a somewhat indefinite and precarious jurisdiction of their own. The arrangement for this removal, we must add, was made for three years; at the expiration of which space of time the South Kensington authorities might give notice to the Museum Committee to seek another resting-place, or the committee were free to remove their collections in accordance with their own pleasure.

Without now adverting to the effect of its sojourn at South Kensington upon the Architectural Museum, any further than simply to state that the removal was unquestionably a mistake,—a mistake made by the committee with the best of motives, and under a confident expectation of highly beneficial results, but still a mistake,—we find that the three probationary years have passed away, and the South Kensington authorities are no longer willing to provide galleries for the architectural collections, *unless the entire collections should be made over on loan to the Department, together with the whole and absolute management of them.* That is to say, the "Department" wish to have the Architectural Museum, provided they are at liberty to deal with it after their own fashion; and provided, also, they are altogether liberated from any such body as the Architectural Museum Committee. It would be difficult to conceive conditions that involve more strangely inconsistent effects. The Architectural Museum Committee consists of professional architects and gentlemen, all of them most anxious to render the museum in the highest degree efficient for realizing its objects; all of them thoroughly competent to fulfil most effectually their voluntary, gratuitous, and self-imposed task; and all of them willing to co-operate cordially with the "Department." The services of such a committee the "Department" could not purchase. And yet the "Department" makes the surrender of their collections by this committee, and the virtual dissolution of the committee itself, the conditions upon which alone the Architectural Museum should continue at South Kensington. It is alleged that the architectural collections are "too heavy" to be placed with safety in a gallery of the present museum buildings; and, also, that these collections contain some duplicate specimens, and some specimens of questionable value; while another objection to the museum is raised upon the ground of its Gothic character. Mr. G. G. Scott, in his

examination before the Parliamentary Committee, in the most satisfactory and conclusive manner replied to every question that was put to him on these points. He showed that the museum, being composed of a group of independent collections, necessarily contained both duplicates and inferior examples; and he as completely disposed of the Gothic objection. Nothing would be easier than to remove both duplicates and worthless examples: nor would there be the slightest difficulty, *so long as the Architectural Museum should continue under the control and direction of its own committee*, to render it a faithful (and only a faithful) exponent of Gothic art.

What, however, may eventually prove to be the actual result of the parliamentary inquiry at the present time must be held to be purely conjectural. Mr. Scott's evidence, accordingly, and all the evidence, may lead (and it is highly probable that it will lead) to nothing whatever, beyond the impression it may produce upon the public. We are content that it should be so. This evidence, in the matter of the Architectural Museum, carries its own weight with it; and it goes direct to the point about which the entire museum question, as a public question, now turns. It is not the formation of public museums, and the gathering together of collections at the cost of the nation, that we now need to consider; but the manner in which our existing museums, with their collections, are to be made instrumental for the public advantage. In the case of the Architectural Museum, the real question is this:—How is it to be made most useful for conveying instruction in architecture? Is this end to be best accomplished by transferring the architectural collections from the Museum Committee to the "Department," or by retaining the services of the Museum Committee and strengthening their hands? We are quite prepared with replies to our own questions. By all means, we say, keep the Committee of Architects, and enable them to make their museum a National Architectural Museum. There can be no doubt as to the importance, and the interest also, of an architectural museum that is thoroughly worthy of its name. Architecture—an art in which everybody has a direct interest, because everybody sees the edifices that arise on all sides as time passes onwards—is the least understood of the Arts. The time is come for the inauguration of a better era. We want to have architecture understood, and we want to understand architecture. The Museum Committee constitute the nucleus of precisely such an administrative body, as is pre-eminently qualified to communicate the desired information; and in their museum they possess the best possible agency for teaching their great art. But the committee want means—they give their time, their experience, and their intelligence. And the museum, already rich in its collections, wants an appropriate building in which it may be at home—a building devoted to itself, which will keep the various architectural collections in safety, and will admit of their being arranged in becoming classification and order; a building, also, that is both easy of access, and is under the control only of the men who are identified with architecture as a living art.

We cannot consider that the cost will be great, or the difficulty of obtaining funds insurmountable. Surely, the nation which so liberally sustains "the Department of Science and Art at South Kensington," will not be altogether a niggard when so useful an institution as this is to be supported—or *abandoned!* For very possibly there may be this lamentable issue to a great experiment, which has been so far tried with a result very beneficial indeed—not alone to artisans, but to architects; and not only to them, but to the public.

ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART X.—RAFFAELLE—No. 5.



ARELY, if ever, does history afford a parallel case to that of Rome in the long continuance of the celebrity which is attached to the name of that city. For considerably more than two thousand years has she been conspicuous among the nations of the earth for the exercise of her powers, social and political. The fame acquired by her arms in the earlier period of her annals—those of the republic and the empire—has been sustained by the reputation achieved by her artists under the papal government, and men visit Rome now quite as much to see the works of these great men as to wander among the noble fragments of the Forum, or under the shadow of the Coliseum. There are, as it were, two cities,—one of the dead, or Ancient Rome, and one of the living, or Modern Rome; each worthy of a pilgrimage from the remotest corner of the world, for each has that to show which speaks eloquently to the thoughtful and intellectual mind.

"I am in Rome! Oft as the morning ray
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy? what has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies,
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind—a thousand images,
And I spring up as girt to run a race."—ROCKERS.

Is it an unwarrantably bold assumption to put forth that if the "imperial city" had no other magnetic power than the works of Raffaele, Rome would yet be a great object of attraction to thousands? Such is our opinion; for, where the largest number of pictures by the hand of the greatest painter the world ever saw are congregated, thither every true lover of Art would, if able, find his way.

We have followed him—though, it must be acknowledged, in a very erratic manner, and without any chronological order—to examine some of his most celebrated productions; there are many more to which our attention might be profitably directed had we space to devote to them, but we can find room for a few only.

In the *predella*, or frieze, under the picture of 'The Entombment of Christ' (*vide p. 264, ante*), Raffaele painted three subjects—'Faith,' 'Hope,' and 'Charity,' symbolical of the Christian virtues; the last of these, 'CHARITY,' is

engraved on this page. They were executed, as we have already said when writing of the principal, at a comparatively early date, and consequently have much of a Peruginesque character; but there is a deep religious sentiment visible throughout. The composition of 'Charity' is similar to that so frequently adopted by Raffaele in his later pictures of the Madonna; but the expression of the woman's face suggests grief rather than love and tenderness. On each side is a nude boy, or what the French call a *genie*; one of them is pouring out, presumably at the foot of Charity, a quantity of gold; the other bears on his head a bowl filled with flames of fire,—both emblematical of the virtue represented. This *predella* was carefully preserved in the church of the Convent of S. Francesco dei Conventuali, at Perugia, till the invasion of Italy by the French, when it was carried by them to Paris; on the restoration of peace it was sent back, and is now in one of the apartments in the Vatican.

The figure of 'RELIGION,' on the next page, is another of the series of allegorical representations to which reference was made in a preceding number, when speaking of the figure of 'Truth': she holds in each hand a tablet, one inscribed in Latin with the first verse of the Gospel of St. Matthew, the other a verse in Hebrew from Genesis; each respectively significant of the Christian and Mosaic dispensations. The figure is highly devotional in character, and graceful as a composition.

To return once more to the Vatican. During the pontificate of Leo IV., in the middle of the ninth century, an extensive conflagration broke out in that part of the city known as Borgo Vecchio, or the Città Leonina, after its founder. The old Basilica of St. Peter's had a short time previously narrowly escaped destruction by a Saracenic army which attacked and plundered it; and now the fire threatened to consume it, for the Borgo adjoined the cathedral, towards which the flames were rapidly advancing. At this juncture, as tradition says, the pope appeared in the Loggia Pontificale of the Vatican, and arrested their progress by elevating his crucifix. It is this story which Raffaele selected for one of the decorations in the hall of the Vatican, called Torre Borgia. In addition to this picture of the 'BURNING OF BORGO' there are three others, all of them in the same chamber, which is popularly known as the Stanza of the Incendio del Borgo: they are executed in fresco, and illustrate events that occurred during the pontificates of Leo III. and Leo IV., and which are assumed to have especial reference to the power and glory of the head of the Romish church.

In the 'Burning of Borgo' Raffaele sought to represent the calamity not so much by showing the devastation resulting from the fire, as by the terror and confusion it occasioned among the inhabitants of the locality. The cause of all this consternation is sufficiently apparent in the smoke and flames visible on both sides of the composition; but these seem to have occupied only a secondary



CHARITY.

place in the artist's mind. The picture is an appeal to the sympathies of the spectator rather than to his regret at the destruction of many noble edifices. The foremost group on the left is a young man carrying off his old father; the two figures recall the story of Æneas and Anchises, referred to in Shakspeare's play of "Julius Cæsar," where Cassius informs Brutus how he once rescued his imperial master from the "troubled Tiber":—

"I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar."

By the side of the young man is a boy, probably his brother, and behind them a female, who, doubtless, forms one of the same family. Further on, a man is letting himself down from a house, and a woman is handing a child from a window into the arms of its father, who stands on tip-toe to receive it. The majority of these figures are entirely nude, one is partially clothed, and others have their garments in their hands, all indicating the rapidity with which the conflagration is progressing, and the eagerness of the inhabitants to escape. To the right numerous figures are attempting to extinguish the fire,—some of the women carry water in large vases, which they pass up to those who are on the

burning edifice: the foremost of these females is very noble in conception. In the centre is a group of women and children uniting the two sides of the composition: the nearest of the group is stretching forth her hands—the action is partially repeated by a woman a little further off—towards the pope, who stands, as we have already intimated, in the Loggia of the Vatican, and, by his prayers, arrests the flames. At the base of the edifice a multitude of persons are imploring the pontiff's aid and intercession.

This picture, as containing the greatest number of nude figures to be found in any painting by Raffaele, gave rise to much controversy among the old Italian writers upon Art, who disputed whether he or Michel Angelo was most eminent in drawing the nude. The question has long been settled by more recent writers; in fact, one can scarcely understand how it could have arisen, except through partizanship, for a comparison can scarcely be instituted between the two, so diverse are the excellences of each—the one was the master of anatomical expression, the other of grace and feeling. Their relative merits are well defined by De Quincy, who says:—"There is no question that the nude, in the figures of 'The Incendio di Borgo,' with all the beauty of form, of proportion, and of detail, which so powerfully recommend them, is still very far from possessing the muscular learning, the precision of outline, the harmony of

movements, which form the merit (for the most part the sole and exclusive merit) of Michel Angelo's figures. . . . But if Raffaele, as a draughtsman, did not attain that profundity of learning or that energy of stroke which characterises Michel Angelo, it was, as we have already seen, because it was the gifted nature of his genius to comprehend in drawing, to seek in it and to achieve, that which Michel Angelo never thought of requiring from it. To explain what I mean in a word,—if Michel Angelo had painted, in the same class of composition, 'The Incendio di Borgo,' he would most unquestionably have presented in it more learned studies of the nude; but would there have been as much and as learned expression, thoughts as full of pathos, situations as interesting? This definition conveys to our mind the same ideas as those we have just expressed in fewer words.

The three other pictures in this apartment, to which reference has been made, are—'The Justification of Pope Leo III. before Charlemagne,' 'The Coronation of Charlemagne by Leo III.,' and 'The Victory of Leo IV., with the combined forces of Southern Europe, over the Saracens, at Ostia, A.D. 849.' In the first of these, the pope is represented in the midst of the court and high ecclesiastical dignitaries, swearing on the altar that he is innocent of the calumnies with which his enemies have charged him. The pope's face is a portrait of Leo X., Raffaele's patron, and that of Charlemagne is represented by the portrait of Francis I. It is extremely doubtful whether Raffaele had much to do with this work, for, although it bears evidence of genius of no inconsiderable order, its merits are not of the kind, either in conception or execution, which his compositions generally manifest. 'The Coronation of Charlemagne,' a ceremony that took place in the old basilica of St. Peter's, is decidedly of a higher character; but in this, as well as in the third also, the part taken by Raffaele admits of question. The Charlemagne fresco is full of figures, the group of the pope crowning the emperor being the finest in the composition, "and, as may readily be supposed, the most important in reference to the temporal power of the popes—a circumstance which probably suggested the subject." The pope and emperor, as in the first-named picture, are portraits of Leo X. and the

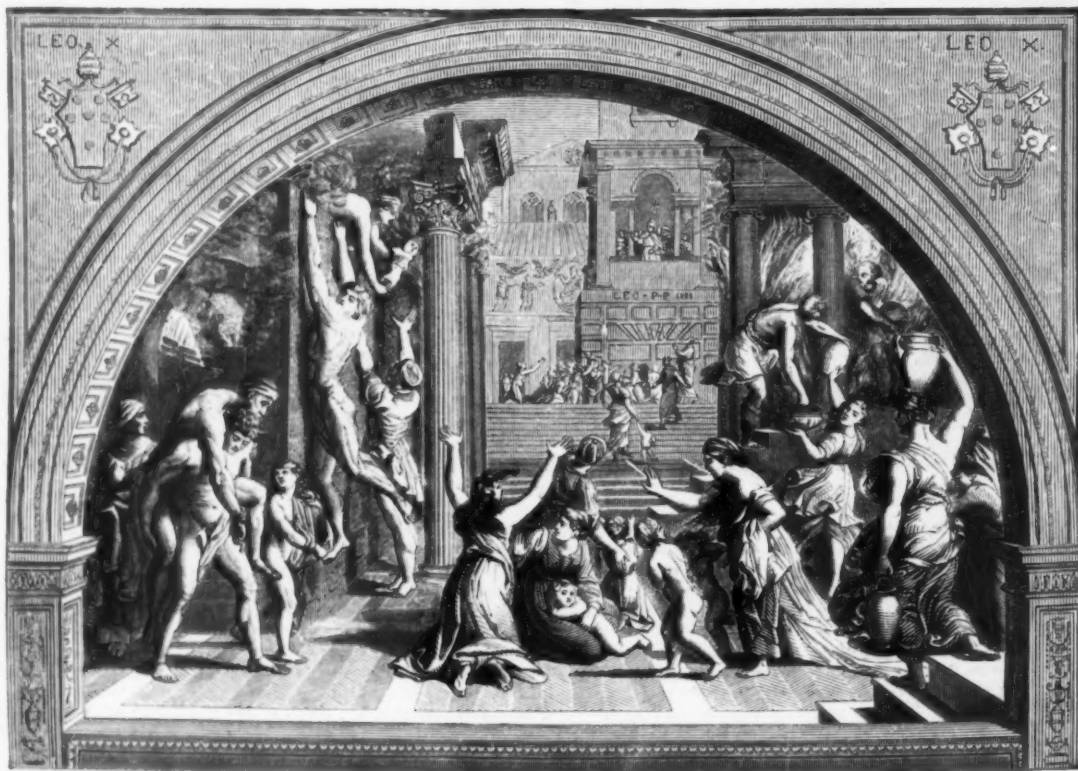
Emperor Francis. 'The Victory at Ostia' is said to have been painted by Giovanni da Udine from Raffaele's designs. The subject was very appropriate to the circumstances of the times. A former Pope Leo had, with the aid of Heaven, obtained over the enemies of Christianity a victory whose remembrance

was well adapted to reanimate the zeal of the Christian princes against the Crescent. In the age of Raffaele, the spirit of Mohammedan conquest was still in full vigour; but very lately the Ottoman fleet had menaced Italy, and more especially the coasts of the Papal States. It was in order to protect Europe once more from her implacable foe, that the policy of Leo applied itself to combine the efforts of the emperor and of the King of France. The picture we are speaking of represents the pope invoking the aid of Heaven. "Prayer is the only weapon employed by the pontiff, but it is successful—his solicitations are heard. The vessels seen in the background sufficiently apprise the spectator that the battle has taken place at sea—a fact still more manifestly expressed by the barque from which captives are landing." Other groups of Moslem prisoners are led before the pope, and fall at his feet. The portrait of Leo X. again figures in the person of Leo IV., and the heads of the cardinals standing behind him are those of Cardinal Bibbiena and Cardinal Giulio de Medici, afterwards Clement VII. We here see carried on the system adopted in previous works, of selecting old subjects from the history of the Holy See, and skilfully adapting them to contemporary events, or of allusively placing the portraits of living men on the shoulders of ancient historical characters.

The adjoining apartment to that of which mention has just been made, is called the Sala di Constantino, from its containing four frescoes illustrating events in the life of Constantine, the first Christian emperor; the object of Leo, at whose suggestion they were painted, being, as in the former instances, to illustrate the history, legendary or truthful, of the early Christian church. The first and most important of the four works is 'THE VICTORY OF CONSTANTINE OVER MAXENTIUS,' in the year 317. It is also said to be the largest historical picture ever painted. Raffaele, however, only prepared the designs; the work was not executed till after his death, and then by the hand of Giulio Romano.



RELIGION.



THE BURNING OF BORGO.

We have introduced an engraving of by far the larger part of the composition, but, owing to its great length, were reluctantly compelled to cut off a portion of each side, to bring it within the compass of our pages. An opinion prevails, having its origin in the writings of some of the Italian critics, that the compo-

sition of Raffaele was not carried out with integrity. "If the honour of the free and bold execution of this grand subject is really due to Giulio Romano, we must yield to Raffaele that of the grandest historical composition which exists in painting. In the original design, this vast scene of battle was conceived still

more numerous in figures, more varied in its aspects. The background represented a range of mountains, at the foot of which detached bodies of the two armies were fighting—features that, amplifying the subject, would have contributed to give it a larger extent to the eye. Giulio Romano, in his execution, has suppressed several of these details. He seems to have applied himself to render the composition more crowded, more compact, to give it the appearance of a closer engagement. He has accordingly been reproached with having compressed his battle in one straight line, too much like that which sculpture, from the limited nature of its means, was compelled, in ancient art, to represent upon bas-relief, producing but a restricted image of the subject." In these remarks De Quincy follows the opinion of previous writers; no other authority could, in fact, be adduced, for so far as we know, none of the drawings for the fresco are in existence.

Constantine defeated Maxentius at the Ponte Molle, on the Tiber, in the environs of Rome. To describe the action as represented in this grand painting, is not an easy—nay, it is almost an impossible—task, for the composition exhibits a multitude of warriors, so mingled together in the fury of the fray, according to the system which prevailed in ancient warfare, where a general combat was little else than a series of personal encounters, hand to hand, that the various groups can scarcely be separated. It emphatically realizes the language of the prophet Isaiah—"Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood." Raffaele's object seems to have been, not so much to divide the interest of the subject, by directing the attention to

particular groups of combatants, though there are many to which it might be drawn, as to combine them into one vast and grand whole. Belloni says that he "appears to have been borne along by the energy of the warriors he painted, and to have carried his pencil into the fight." It is almost marvellous, and it shows the versatility of his genius, to see the mind that could originate, and the hand that could portray, those sweet angelic Madonnas and meek-visaged disciples of Him whose mission was to proclaim "peace on earth, good will to all mankind," in pictures which even now men gaze upon till they almost worship them—it is strange, we say, to see the self-same faculties at work, and with equal success, on a subject in which all the passions of our fiercer natures, and all our physical powers, are called into active life.

The principal figure in the picture is Constantine, mounted on a white charger whose energetic action is as significant of courage as is that of his rider. Hovering over the head of the emperor are three angels, symbolizing the aid and protection vouchsafed by heaven to the first Christian monarch. One body of the army of Maxentius is driven into the Tiber, another division is retreating in confusion over a bridge in the distance to the right—it is not seen in our engraving; on the left the battle still rages fiercely, men and horses mingled together in one vast *mêlée*, both sides fighting with that indomitable perseverance and bravery which the Romans often evinced even in the days of their assumed decadence. The attitudes of these various figures, the style in which they are grouped, so to speak, the extraordinary development of physical vigour and action, and the admirable manner in which they



THE VICTORY OF CONSTANTINE OVER MAXENTIUS.

are drawn, cannot be too highly praised. It is not difficult to recognise in all this Raffaele's close study of the ancient bas-reliefs in Rome, and of antique sculptures generally. De Quincy is of opinion that the bas-reliefs of the battles of Trajan on the arch of Constantine, with those of the column of Trajan, guided him in the design, as a whole, as well as in the separate parts and details: yet no one would charge the artist with direct plagiarism, though we may perceive imitations.

The next in importance of the pictures in the Sala di Constantino is 'Constantine's Miraculous Vision of the Cross,' like the picture just described, it is supposed to have been executed by Giulio Romano, from Raffaele's designs, but the two works will scarcely bear comparison, making every allowance for the vast difference in the subjects; the inferiority of the 'Vision' is probably due to the variations made by Romano from the original design. The composition, which is founded even more on the antique than the former fresco, represents Constantine haranguing his troops in front of his tent: his eyes are directed upwards, where is seen a radiant cross, borne by three young angels; at a short distance from them are the well-known words, in Greek letters, "In this conquer." The background exhibits some of the principal Roman monuments, and numerous soldiers are hastening forward towards the tent of the general, at whose feet are two young men, carrying his arms, and on the other side, the figure of a dwarf, who with both hands endeavours to place a helmet on his head. The remaining two pictures in the apartment are 'The Baptism

of Constantine by St. Silvester,' painted by Francesco Penni, and 'Constantine's Gift of Rome to the Pope,' by Raffaele del Colle.

The engraving of 'THE PROPHETS JONAH AND HOSEA' is from a painting in the Church of S. Maria della Pace. We have, in preceding chapters, spoken of Raffaele's works in this edifice, and have introduced illustrations of them (*vide* pages 75 and 201); the engraving on the latter page represents the prophets Daniel and David, with which subject this is meant to correspond. The compositions are very similar, in each one figure is seated, the other standing, with an angel behind them, suggesting the idea of a messenger sent from heaven with prophetic tidings. The inscription on the tablet held by Jonah, has reference to his resuscitation from his living tomb, and typifies also the resurrection of Christ. The face of Hosea is turned upwards, and he holds a tablet in his hand, waiting, as it would seem, for some communication from above to be written on it. There is a grandeur in the attitudes of these three figures, and a richness in the disposition of the draperies, which cannot be surpassed; the latter quality is, perhaps, carried too far, for the extreme fulness of their robes, indicated by numerous folds, makes them appear unnaturally heavy, and such as one would scarcely expect to see worn by the inhabitants of an eastern country.

But we must return to the Vatican for an examination of the originals of the two following engravings, which complete the series of illustrations from the works of Raffaele in Rome. The second apartment in the *suite* known as the

Stanza of Raffaele, is called the Stanza of Heliodorus. It contains on the walls four frescoes of a large size, illustrating the triumphs of the Church over her enemies, and the miracles, real or assumed, by which her doctrines were substantiated. The first of these pictures is 'The Expulsion of Heliodorus from the Temple'—the subject which gives its name to the apartment; the second, 'The Miracle of Bolsena'; the third, 'Attila, King of the Huns, driven back from the Gates of Rome'; and the fourth, 'The Deliverance of St. Peter.' Our attention must be specially directed to the last two.

In the early part of the sixteenth century Raffaele's patron, Leo X., succeeded, by means of his allies, and especially of the Swiss, in driving the forces of Louis XII. of France out of Italy, the states of Milan being the last of their possessions which they were compelled to evacuate. It was this circumstance the artist proposed to commemorate in his allegorical composition of 'ATTILA,' who is thus made to personify the French monarch. The legends of the Romish church state that when Attila was about to attack Rome, in the middle of the fifth century, St. Peter and St. Paul appeared to him, and foretold his utter defeat if he should presume to enter a city sanctified as the residence of the apostolic successor; the historical fact being that the then pope, Leo I., went out to meet the enemy, and by entreaty and threats of

Divine anger induced him to withdraw his barbaric hordes from the walls of Rome. Raffaele's design embodies both stories. The pope (whose features are those of Leo X.) and his retinue occupy the left side of the picture; their costume is that of the period in which it was painted. Hovering over them in the air, and with their faces towards the army of the Huns, are the two apostles, armed with swords, as if about to slay their leader. The right side of the composition is occupied by the invaders, a countless host, defiling through a gorge of the mountains towards the Campagna of Rome. In the centre is Attila on horseback, his attention and progress arrested by the miraculous vision. De Quincey assumes what seems to be an improbability, that Attila only sees the apostles, for he says, "He is struck with a terror, the cause of which is known only to himself, but the sympathetic effect of which spreads and communicates itself to the soldiers. It is an irresistible effect, as that of a repellant action, which, like a contrary wind, turns back and agitates the banners in signal of retreat. All are about to retrace their steps; the trumpeters have already turned their backs; the agitated army looks like a vast sea driven about by contrary currents; the entire army yields to the retrograde movement. Nothing can be more remarkable than this contradiction between the general impulsion of the mass and the repulsion experienced by each individual member of it." A striking contrast is presented by the two groups: that of the pope and his train is in perfect repose, even to the expression of their faces; almost the only weapon, if so it may be called, with which they are armed, is an uplifted cross. The Hunnish horsemen, on the contrary, are full of movement—bold, wild, and animated. The appearance of

St. Peter and St. Paul is absolutely necessary to support the artist's treatment of the subject. We read in Roman history that Brennus the Goth and his army of barbarians were struck with awe at the sight of the venerable senators sitting undaunted in their places in the Forum; but Leo and his cardinals would scarcely have made a similar impression on the Hunnish hosts: something supernatural was requisite, not merely for the honour of the Romish church, but also to serve as a reason for the tumult and dismay in the ranks of its foes. Hence the introduction of the two aerial figures, which at once explain all the spectator sees before him. Of the three figures on horseback, on the left hand side of the pope, the one bearing the cross is a portrait of Raffaele, and that of the elder personage at his side of Perugino, his master.

Leo X., ere he had succeeded to the papal chair, and was known only as Cardinal de Medici, was employed by Julius II. as legate with the army against the French, and was taken prisoner by the latter at the battle of Ravenna, and sent to Milan, whence he made his escape—and, as some of his biographers assert, almost by a miracle—exactly twelve months to a day before his elevation to the see of Rome. It was this circumstance that suggested to Raffaele the idea of 'The Deliverance of St. Peter,' as a complimentary allusion to his friend and patron. The picture is painted above and on each

side of a window, by which arrangement the subject is divided into three parts, each containing different periods of the event illustrated. The central subject, over the window, represents the interior of the prison where St. Peter was confined; through the iron grating an angel is seen to awaken the apostle, sleeping between his guards. In the right hand compartment he is led forth by his deliverer through the guards, who are asleep on the steps. The arrangement of these two compositions is very beautiful; both are illuminated by the rays of light proceeding from the angelic visitant. On the left, the soldiers, roused from their slumbers, are searching for their prisoner; this group is lighted by torches and the moon. It may be questioned whether Raffaele would have been guilty of transgressing the recognised laws of pictorial composition, in thus dividing his subject, had not the division of the wall-space compelled such a treatment, or at least justified it in a great measure, by the peculiar facilities it offered for placing the whole of the sacred narrative before the eyes of the spectator. True it is, that in another of the frescoes in this apartment, 'The Miracle of Bolsena,' painted on a wall-space of similar form and dimensions—the one being exactly opposite the other—such a division has been avoided; but then the subject presents in itself unity of action, and the artist was more at liberty to draw upon his own imagination, and was not restrained within historical truths.

'The Miracle of Bolsena' illustrates the infallibility of the Roman church by an event which is said to have taken place in Bolsena, in 1263-4, where a Bohemian priest, who doubted the doctrine of transubstantiation, was convinced of his incredulity by seeing blood flow from the Host he was consecrating. In this picture, the centre, over the window, is occupied by an altar, at whose side stands the officiating priest, his attention reverently directed to the bleeding wafer, which he regards with astonishment. Behind him are choristers, and on the left a number of people pressing forward with varied expressions of curiosity and wonder. The pope, Julius II., attended by cardinals and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, and some troops of the Swiss papal guard, is seen in the act of prayer.

The 'Heliodorus,' the fourth picture in this apartment, symbolises that warlike pontiff, Julius II., overcoming the enemies of the church and preserving its possessions, under the type of Onias, the high-priest of the Jews, praying for vengeance on Heliodorus for plundering the temple at Jerusalem, about 200 years B.C., as narrated in the second book of Maccabees. Onias is seen in the background of the picture, kneeling at the altar with several persons around him: in the foreground, to the right, is Heliodorus lying prostrate under the hoofs of a horse, on which rides the avenging angel, clad in golden armour, and followed by two other heavenly messengers armed with rods, who are driving the spoilers, laden with their treasures, out of the sacred edifice. This group of figures is grandly composed, and distinguished by remarkable energy of expression. To the left is a multitude of women and children in a variety of attitudes, caused by the different emotions of terror or as-

tonishment at what they witness: among these is Julius II., borne by his attendants on a chair of state, and accompanied by several high officials. This work, and the 'Miracle of Mass of Bolsena,' have been placed by the best critical authorities in the very foremost rank of fresco painting. Kugler, speaking of the latter, says,—"The colouring of this picture has been greatly extolled, and many have, in this instance, placed Raffaele on a level with the masters of the Venetian school; this opinion, however, is the result of an extreme partiality. The colouring is warm, but the execution is frequently coarse, so as almost to look like tapestry, thus already evincing an indifference to higher finish, which from this period becomes more and more visible in the frescoes of the Vatican Stanza." To this remark Sir C. L. Eastlake appends the following observations in a note:—"In this judgment the author probably stands alone. High authorities at least are agreed in considering this, and indeed all the large paintings in the same Stanza, the finest examples of fresco the art can boast. Titian's frescoes at Padua are less richly and effectively coloured than the 'Mass of Bolsena' and the 'Heliodorus.'" From this period, about 1512, the number of commissions offered to the artist compelled him to relinquish to a considerable extent his works in the Vatican, and to consign the execution of them to the hands of his scholars.



THE PROPHETS JONAH AND HOSEA.

In this brief epitome of the works of Raffaele in Rome, little more has been attempted than to describe some of the most distinguished. If his productions had been limited to these few, what a history would even this small number give of an Art-life that closed at the age of thirty-seven! a term when in a large

majority of instances, an artist has scarcely made himself known. De Quincy gives a list of one hundred and twenty-eight works, including the cartoons executed by him and his pupils, besides about one hundred and fifty drawings; and it is well known many other paintings are in existence of which this author



THE DEFEAT OF ATTILA.

never heard, or, at least, which are not included in his catalogue. Well might he say, when lamenting the early death of the great painter:—"How many master-pieces were thus lost to the admiration of centuries! How many great

and beautiful ideas, ready to burst forth into light, then returned to nothing! Everything that lives, everything in nature, is reproduced: the seasons, years, generations, societies, empires follow one another—genius alone has no



THE DELIVERANCE OF ST. PETER.

successor; and centuries may pass ere a painter will appear who can be compared with, much less opposed to, Raffaele." Three centuries and a half nearly have elapsed since his sun went down; other great lights have appeared in the firmament of Art, but so long as painting has power to touch the hearts, and exalt the feelings of mankind, will the name of Raffaele be pre-eminently held in veneration.

J. DAFFORNE.

LESLIE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

In the "genteel comedy" of Art, Leslie leaves a void which is not likely soon to be filled up. We recur with grateful remembrance to the emotions he has from time to time stirred within us, by those pictures which may be justly called his great works. Many have attempted the same department as he, but they have never succeeded in painting more than masks, while he never failed in painting faces. His character is more literally legible in his works than that of any other artist of our time: there was in his ways and means of art, a probity which helped us at once to a knowledge of the man—a knowledge on which were necessarily based respect and esteem. His life has not been an academic parenthesis; year by year the public looked for his works, and was not disappointed. They were not all of equally rare excellence, but he more than fulfilled the quota assigned by Reynolds as the greater productions of one life. We revert with pleasure to his "Autobiographical Recollections," just published, as he therein sets forth in pen and ink outline his easy associations with so many of the celebrities of his time. Assuredly no apology is necessary for a brief review of his experiences of Fuseli, Lawrence, Constable, Newton, Haydon, Wilkie, Stothard, Flaxman, and many others, all of whom in their time have filled spaces greater or less in public interest, not only within the Art circle, but in the great world outside. To the famous Sam Strowger, Fuseli, for instance, was not a hero; but we are not all Sam Strowgers, and therefore are grateful for such authentic and hitherto unedited scraps as are here presented. Besides, many of the persons introduced have lived in our time, or have only departed in the morning of our own day; hence are we even personally familiar with them, and listen accordingly to their sayings with a keener relish. People of mark naturally object to the society of known memoir writers, and many of those mentioned in these pages would have shrunk from spending an hour or two under Leslie's microscope. Much is due to the memory of the man who read chastely, and worked with a new and intense feeling from our vernacular classics—one who stood alone in his time as a natural interpreter of Addison, Molière, Cervantes, Le Sage, Sterne, Smollett, and Fielding, to say nothing of Shakspeare. This was his natural bent, but West tried to seduce him into "history," by inducing him to paint 'Saul and the Witch of Endor,'—the picture which was turned out of the British Institution. But West himself was a mistaken man throughout his life, as is evidenced by the best picture he ever produced, 'The Death of General Wolfe.' Had he cultivated an unambitious style in small works, he would have left a greater name than that which attaches to his memory.

It was in 1811 that Leslie returned from America, with the intention of devoting himself to Art; and some time afterwards, we are not told precisely when, he was admitted a pupil in the antique Academy. Fuseli was then Keeper, and this remarkable man naturally made a deep impression on our student—perhaps the more that the latter had been scared from a print-shop window in Philadelphia by Fuseli's 'Hamlet and the Ghost.' Leslie says he hoped to gain some advantage by studying under such a master; but Fuseli spoke little. He generally came into the room once in the course of the evening, and rarely without a book in his hand. He would take an unoccupied seat among the students, and sit reading nearly the whole time he was in the school. The comment which accompanies this statement is just. Our student subsequently thought Fuseli right. "Art may be learnt, but cannot be taught." Under Fuseli's "wise neglect," Wilkie, Mulready, Etty, Landseer, and Haydon distinguished themselves, and were the better for not being made all alike by teaching, if indeed that could have been done. It can be done, and is done in the French Academy. The result of severe and unintermittent discipline is that monotony of manner from which French artists cannot escape; their school proclaims itself everywhere in the same terms. French painters are bound up in one school—English artists combine only in classes. But Fuseli never drew from nature, and therefore could not teach drawing from the life. His works were not painting,—they were simply illustrations of certain passages of his own theories. He was deeply impressed with the *ῥεῦμα* of the Æginetan school,

and gave all his figures short bodies and long legs, and in this absurdity he was extensively imitated. The ordinary balance of the human form was flat and insipid to one who never condescended from his own visionary sphere. Any attempt at ordinary subject-matter on the part of Fuseli became simply ridiculous. Edwin Landseer was at this time a student, and was called by the Keeper his "little dog boy,"—innocently enough, and without a scintillation that Landseer would rise the great dog-star of his day.

In September, 1817, Leslie went with Allston, an American painter, and William Collins, to Paris, where they made studies in the Louvre, and visited the studios of the most eminent French painters, by whom they were received, of course, very coldly. None of them showed the strangers any of their works. They admired Guérin most; his 'Dido and Æneas' was just then completed. David and his theatrical troupe (*école* is the ordinary French misnomer) was then the fashion, and a lady asked Leslie how he liked the great works of David, to which he replied he did not think them natural. "Not natural!" she exclaimed, "I assure you he never paints any object whatever without having nature before him." Leslie could have explained, but he did not think it worth while. We see works daily professedly painted from nature, but in a multiplicity of cases the artists begin to paint nature before they can see her. Wilkie's reputation was at this time high in France. A Frenchman observed to Leslie, "I like your *Vilkes*, but I do not like your *Vest*."

In Paris, Leslie made the acquaintance of Gilbert Stuart Newton; and at this time Washington Irving was at Liverpool, between whom and the former a warm friendship arose, which terminated only with the life of Irving. The house of business with which Irving was connected became insolvent, and he turned his attention seriously to authorship, and completed the "Sketch Book," which was written solely for publication in America, where his "Salmagundi" and "Knickerbocker" had already acquired him a high reputation.

Coleridge expresses his friendship for Leslie with more warmth in the following letter, written in 1819, than any words of ours can describe it:—

"My dear Leslie,—Mr. Colburn has entreated my influence with you, to have entrusted to him for a week or ten days your last drawing of my phiz, to have it engraved for his magazine. I replied that I had no objection, and thought it probable that you would have none, and have in consequence given him this note.

"You see, alas! by my scanty audiences, that there cannot be the least objection to your taking with you half-a-dozen friends to my lectures, who are like ourselves, with more in our brains than in our pockets. Why, my dear Leslie, do you so wholly neglect us at Highgate? Are we not always delighted to see you? Now, too, more than ever; since, in addition to yourself, you are all we have of Allston.

"1st March, 1819. "S. T. COLERIDGE."

Leslie laments that he remembers but little of Coleridge's Lectures on Shakspeare,—and well he may, for in those extempore essays the lecturer penetrated that lower deep of the poet's mind at which so few of his commentators had yet arrived. About this time Charles Lamb brought his geniality to our painter's circle, and the latter does ample justice to his character, the weak side of which Leslie touches on with all kindness. The painter was fortunate in his connections with literary men, but he was more fortunate in being gifted with an intelligence that could profit by such associations. The advent of Wilkie effected a marked diversion in the selection of subject-matter, and a pronounced deference to finish. The loose and sketchy manner of Morland, Barker, and other professed painters of rustic incident, was passing away, and Leslie broke new ground in painting up to the literature of the circle into which he had fallen. In 1818 he painted for his friend, Mr. Dunlop, 'Sir Roger de Coverley going to Church accompanied by the Spectator,' and he observes that this picture attracted more notice than anything he had hitherto painted. The Marquis of Lansdowne employed him to repeat the subject.

The last exhibition that West saw was in 1818. Leslie was with him a few days before the close of that of 1819, which the president had been too ill to visit, and before that of 1820 his earthly career had

closed. When Constable called at his house on the day after his death, Robert Brenning, West's old and faithful servant, said to him, "Ah, sir, where will they go now?" meaning the younger artists,—for West's door was open to the student, inasmuch that he had always a *levée* of artists at his house in the morning before he began to paint. He was an amiable and excellent man in all the relations of life, but as a painter he did not pursue that department of Art for which he was especially gifted. In his conversations with Leslie he stated a circumstance, the truth of which must be felt by every lover of painting. During his superintendence of certain changes projected at Windsor, it was necessary to take down a Vandyke that Reynolds very much admired. He invited, therefore, Sir Joshua to go with him. They found the picture on the floor, and Reynolds very eagerly examined it, and having done so, turned with disappointment to West, saying, "After all it is a copy." To this West made no immediate reply, but having looked at some other pictures in the room, they returned to the Vandyke, and Reynolds said, "I don't know what to think of it; it is much more beautiful than it appeared to me at first. It can hardly be a copy." West replied that he had no doubt of its originality; and proceeded to observe, that Reynolds having come from his own easel, at which he had been working on one of his own brilliant backgrounds, the Vandyke looked tame to him; but the eye having been relieved by other works, he then saw the merits of the picture. Reynolds was disappointed when he first saw even the compositions of Raffaele; and the same feeling has been expressed by others who ought to have been able to appreciate them. We have heard a distinguished painter, and a great admirer of Rubens, turn from 'The Descent from the Cross,' at Antwerp, with the exclamation, "Can this be the original picture?"

Leslie speaks in grateful remembrance of his intercourse with Irving and Newton; they generally dined together at the York Chop House, in Wardour Street. Newton, we believe, lived at this time in Great Marlborough Street, and there painted all his pretty *nez retroussés*—the best since the days of Hogarth's 'Lady Squander,' and Sir Joshua's piquant essays in that direction. By the way of trying the public effect of a reversion to the costume of the days of John Gay, Newton is said to have dressed a model as Lucy Lockitt, and to have walked behind her down Regent Street, in hearty enjoyment of the public surprise at the resuscitation. Some of Newton's single figures are charming; his best composition is 'The Lovers' Quarrel'; his 'Ophelia, Lear, and the Physician,' is faulty in drawing, and his picture from 'Gil Blas' has too much of the stiffness of the lay figure.

In November, 1821, Leslie was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and honestly confesses some pride at the event. He paid, on the occasion, his respects to all the academicians, not excepting Northcote, who was not then on terms with the Academy. But Northcote did not receive the new associate courteously. Although old, and nearly done with the world, he was still moved even by its smaller ambitions, and was weak enough to show this to his visitor. He was engaged on a life-sized equestrian portrait of George IV., "which," says Leslie, "he must have made up from busts and pictures." "I was desirous," said Northcote, "to paint the king, for there is no picture that is like him, and he is by far the best king of his family we have had." He continued to compliment his royal favourite, by saying that the most glorious periods of English history were those during which the country had been governed by women, and George IV. was like a woman, for he left the affairs of the kingdom to the skilful statesmen he had about him. At this time Lawrence's best portraits of George IV. had been painted, but in them Northcote could see no merit; the king had yet to be painted by himself.

The first time that Leslie "found himself" painting in the exhibition rooms of the Academy, he was much puzzled by the very opposite advice he received from authorities equally high. Wilkie and Lawrence advised him, but differently; and after all, Northcote gave him the best prescription—"Everybody," he said, "will advise you to do what he himself would do, but you are to consider and judge for yourself whether you are likely to do it as he would, for, if not, you may spoil your picture." This was perhaps

the last time that Northcote was ever in the Academy. It is curious that Leslie, with the experience which he must then have had, should have expressed surprise at these varieties of opinion; on every varnishing day similar instances occur. One of the present members of the body, on his first varnishing day, as an associate, was lectured for half an hour on a picture which he was re-touching. Turner was painting next to him, but he said nothing until the lecturer was gone, when, turning to the new associate, he said, "If you put in a single touch that that fool recommends, you may put your picture in the fire."

Of Flaxman, it is said, that he imitated classical art as Nicholas Poussin did, with constant reference to nature. When Allston complimented this gifted man on his designs from Homer, Dante, &c., he replied, "I will now show you the sources of many of them;" and he laid before him a great number of sketches from nature, of accidental groups, attitudes, &c., which he had seen in the streets and in rooms. It cannot be doubted that his outlines, especially the series from Dante, have inspired much of what the Germans have recently done. Flaxman was continually culling from nature, and he knew how to avail himself of his gatherings. He was not ashamed to stop and make a sketch in the street; and when we look at some of his figures drawn with three lines, we can understand how he did this—hence the endless and beautiful variety of his attitudes. "Flaxman and Stothard would have been among the foremost artists in the days of Julius the Second and Leo the Tenth, but England under George the Third and Fourth was utterly unworthy of them. The British aristocracy patronised Canova, and almost every English sculptor rather than Flaxman, the greatest of them all." Alas! most true. Flaxman fell on evil days for him; he lived too soon or too late. In doing him justice we will go further back than Julius and Leo; even to the golden Olympians of Greek art. Had he lived then, he would have been the friend of Pericles and the admiration of Greece, for he has equalled the Greeks in bas-relief, in their own style, that on which so much of their fame rests. When foreign sculptors visit London, they ask for the works of Flaxman. In cases when the question has been put to ourselves, we have confessed, with shame, that there were no public works by his hand save one of the statues and the bas-reliefs that decorated the late Covent Garden Theatre. Nelson's monument in St. Paul's cannot be said to be by him, since the design was by Westmacott. Canova was generous and noble-minded, in reference to this preference of his own works. He said, in reference to Flaxman, "You English see with your ears."

Lord Egremont was a steady and munificent patron of Leslie up to the latest period of his life. This is sufficiently attested by the number of the works of the latter distributed through the rooms at Petworth, which contains that princely collection of Art justly famous as priceless. There, with some of his larger works, among which is remarkable the dress-scene from "The Taming of the Shrew," shine forth with gemmy lustre many of those small heads that Leslie endowed with living expression, their chalkiness much mellowed by the tone of time. Surprise is expressed by the writer that a bust of Lord Egremont, by Behnes, should be preferred by the family to that executed by Chantrey. Both the works we have seen, and the reason of the family preference is, that Behnes presented Lord Egremont as he was, but Chantrey set him forth as he might have been, but never was. Chantrey's successes, which are not numerous, embody the earnest qualities of historical sculpture; Behnes' successes, more numerous than his failures, speak to us like "men of this world."

And thus the panorama moves on, shadowing forth to us John Jackson, Wilkie, Sir Walter Scott, Constable, Rogers, Lord Holland, Stothard, Etty, Sir Robert Peel, Turner, Sidney Smith (whom we could never call the Reverend), Bannister, and a catalogue of other notabilities whose names we simply mention, as we cannot record their sayings.

Leslie speaks of Jackson's copy of Reynolds' John Hunter. The original is now in rags, from Reynolds' inordinate use of asphaltum. The copy is in the National Portrait Gallery, and in excellent condition. Leslie saw it in progress, and expressed some contempt for both Jackson and his work. The powers of Jackson were never justly

appreciated. His works were not unfrequently equal to the best of Sir Joshua's; and Reynolds has never equalled, in female portraiture, Jackson's sylph-like Lady Dover. Many of the heads, which the latter painted in two sittings for ten pounds each, to supply engravings for the *Methodists' Magazine*, were masterpieces of art. This same extravagant glazing, by which Reynolds destroyed so many of his works, was strongly recommended by Wilkie to Leslie. "Don't be afraid of glazing," said the former. "The practice of our artists is running too much into a light and rapid style, which, in the end, will ruin the art." After the crying evidence of Reynolds's pictures, it is curious to find a man of Wilkie's method falling into such a fatal error. How would 'The Blind Fiddler,' or 'The Village Fair' look, if glazed like the 'Peep-of-day Boys' Cabin?' Leslie whimsically enough attributes the origin of Wilkie's 'Chelsea Pensioners' to his love of painting cocked hats. On the occasion of Sir Thomas Lawrence's funeral, one of the officials wore a cocked hat, and Wilkie, whose mind was always full of his profession, suddenly asked his companion if he did not find it difficult to paint a cocked hat.

In 1825 Leslie was married, shortly after which event he was introduced to Lord Holland, and painted for Lady Holland small portraits of his lordship, his daughter Mary, now Lady Lilford, and Lady Affleck, the mother of Lady Holland. In 1826 he, Mrs. Leslie, and their family, were invited to Petworth by Lord Egremont, for whom he had painted 'Sancho and the Duchess,' and subsequently three other works of the same class. The visit was repeated each succeeding autumn, until the death of Lord Egremont, of whom Leslie of course had seen a great deal. This nobleman was as plain in dress as unassuming in manner, so much so that, once meeting in the hall at Petworth, as the bell was ringing for the servants' dinner, the maid of one of his lady guests, she accosted him, "Come, old gentleman, you and I will go to dinner together, for I can't find my way in this great house." He gave her his arm, and led her to the room where the servants were assembled, where he left her, saying, "You dine here, I don't dine till seven o'clock." To this condescension and amiability Beechey gave the name of *put-up-ability*.

Leslie was present when Sidney Smith was sitting for his portrait to Newton, who was strongly suspected by the latter of embodying from him the impersonation of Abbot Boniface, the frontispiece to the illustrated edition of the "Monastery." As Newton was proceeding with his work, the sinner said, "I sit here a personification of piety and abstinence." On the occasion of a dinner-party at Lord Lyndhurst's, at which Mr. Smith was present, the conversation turned on the Indian custom of suttee, and when the subject was nearly exhausted, the wit began to defend the practice, asserting that no wife who really loved her husband could wish to survive him. "But if Lord Lyndhurst were to die, you would be sorry that Lady Lyndhurst should burn herself?" "Lady Lyndhurst," he replied, "would, no doubt, as an affectionate wife, consider it her duty to burn herself, but it would be our duty to put her out; and as the wife of the Lord Chancellor, Lady Lyndhurst would not be put out like an ordinary widow. It would be a state affair. First a procession of the judges and then of the lawyers." "But where, Mr. Smith, are the clergy?" "Gone to congratulate the new chancellor." The story of Sidney Smith's reply to Landseer, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" on an occasion of the latter asking him to sit for his portrait, is untrue; but it caused a laugh between the two, the first time they met after the publication of the joke.

In 1833 Mr. Leslie's brother procured for him the appointment of teacher of drawing at the Military Academy at West Point, on the Hudson river, and his family and all his friends urged his acceptance of the office. He did accept it; but such was the kindness of Lord Egremont and other friends on his departure for America, that his impression brought with it a feeling that he had left his home and proper sphere. This feeling deepened into a regret which impelled his return to England, after an absence of two years.

In 1834 Stothard died—too little appreciated. Flaxman sought his acquaintance early in life, from seeing one of his designs for the *Novelist's Magazine*

in a shop window; and ever after the little man presented his wife on each birthday with one of Stothard's pictures. The tender eloquence of Stothard's art appeals rather to the artistic sensibilities than to the every-day heart of the public. There was a pregnant significance in his reply to Leslie, when the latter asked him the name of a plant that he had sketched: "Only a weed, sir; I have a great respect for weeds."

Lady Holland procured Leslie a ticket to see the coronation, to which he, in a court dress, with Mrs. Leslie, went very early in the morning of the day appointed, and remained in the abbey until four in the afternoon. The declared result was twofold: first a resolution never again to dress in a court suit; second, a commission to paint the Queen receiving the Sacrament. The execution of this picture afforded him opportunities of seeing the Queen, members of the royal family, and state personages, which otherwise he could not have enjoyed. The Duke of Cambridge reminded him of Peter Pindar's account of George III. When he spoke to Leslie, it was in a series of questions: "Do you paint all day?" "Are you an academician?" "Are you painting any other picture?" "Do you walk here or ride?" &c., &c. He liked the Duke of Sussex; but in his attendance on him, he complained that his time was "miserably wasted." The Duke of Wellington he found a thorough man of business, making the most of his own time, and unwilling to waste that of the artist. When the sketch of the duke was made, he asked to see it, and at once pronounced the head too large, adding that all painters to whom he had sat committed the same mistake. Titian, he said, was the only painter who understood this—by making the heads small he did wonders. Next to the duke, the most remarkable man in the picture is Lord Melbourne, of whom Leslie saw much at Holland House. On one occasion he was abusing women to Lady Holland, charging them with want of charity for each other. He called them "devils" to each other. "But," said Lady Holland, "what nurses they are: what would you do without women in your illnesses?" "I would rather have men about me when I am ill; I think it requires strong health to put up with women." "Oh," said the lady, tapping him on the shoulder with her fan, "you have lived among such a rantipole set." Lord Melbourne had no esteem for Art, and no belief in human virtue. He asked Leslie why Raffaele had been employed to paint the Vatican, observing that it was certainly a job, because Bramante was his uncle. From the question it may be assumed that his lordship would have proposed some one else, but Leslie did not ask him to whom his preference pointed. When the Wellington statue was placed on the arch at Hyde Park Corner, Lord Morpeth (now Earl of Carlisle) wrote individually to the academicians requesting the opinion of each, as to the site and effect. The replies were not favourable, but there the statue remains. A Frenchman is stated to have observed on seeing it, "France is now avenged for the Battle of Waterloo." When the fresco decorations of the Houses of Parliament were first spoken of, Turner observed characteristically, that "Painting could never show her nose in company with architecture, but to have it snubbed." If Turner meant that painting in such cases is a sacrifice to architecture, he was right, as may be seen in the Houses, wherever the decorations have been proceeded with. Of the insufficient light we have complained whenever it became necessary to notice the progress of these frescoes. On this subject much remains to be said and written. If the quantity of fresco be carried out according to the original designs, the errors will only be the more glaring.

Leslie was captivated with Haydon's art, and even tried to imitate his colour and rich impasto. Wilkie was in some degree right in recommending Leslie to glaze; it was the want of this that left his works so raw; but to remedy this it would not have been necessary to float them with asphaltum, inasmuch that they should be like Wilkie's later pictures—laid on the floor, because the glaze would flow downwards if they were left upright. After some chit-chat about Byron, Rogers, Wordsworth, Scott, and others, the diary closes.

The second volume of the "Autobiographical Recollections" is made up of correspondence, much of which turns upon domestic matters.

SWISS SCENERY.

THE fatal accidents which have occurred in this, as well as previous years, to travellers who have sought too exclusively the wonderful in Alpine scenery, sufficiently prove the disadvantages that attend a tour purposely planned for the attainment of such an object. But independently of the risk which accompanies the climbing of the most rugged and unfrequented mountains, the weather that often obscures with mist the highest summits, whilst inferior mountains are clear, offers considerations which the tourist is disposed to underrate. Although the glaciers and snow-clad peaks present, therefore, from a variety of aspects, a most sublime and imposing sight, yet there are good reasons why the traveller should be prepared beforehand with that appreciation of the scenery of nature, which is based less on a love of the marvellous, than on a taste for happy combinations of forms, tints, and objects, such as artists so well understand.

An insignificant digression from the beaten path enables the observer, who has some experience in landscape composition, to discover a scene truly pictorial, the presence of which would be little suspected by travellers bent exclusively on the route before them. A visit to some of the public galleries, such as those of Belgium, Holland, or Paris, and some of the German towns, might create a taste for, or confirm impressions previously formed of, the beautiful in landscape scenery. Pictures of Berghem, Both, Everdingen, and many others of the Dutch school, impart a feeling for that rugged picturesqueness which adapts together a few mere fragments of nature, so as to form a subject most agreeably attractive; whilst elsewhere are seen those choice works of Claude de Lorraine, and Gaspar Poussin, where beautifully varied and retiring forms teach the great value of graceful lines artistically combined; and although exuberance of detail at first seems to abound in these admirable landscapes, great simplicity is soon observed to prevail. Zuccherelli also, though somewhat feeble and mannered, has much that inspires a feeling for the beautiful—a careful selection of the most pleasing objects is combined with a decidedly tasteful arrangement. And Joseph Vernet—whose works, so numerous in the Louvre, are not limited to marine pieces, but embrace landscapes, buildings, &c., and display, generally, a rare knowledge of the elegant or of the noble in Art composition—is entitled no less than Wilson to the rank of a classical painter. Although these masters were not all natives of Italy, their landscapes are embellished by a class of objects completely Italian, derived chiefly from the beautiful scenery of the Apennines in the vicinity of Rome.

Unfortunately, the present political state of central Italy offers little inducement to travellers; but the southern slopes of the Alps, which may be visited with security and ease, afford as they fall down gently to the plains of Lombardy, or encompass with swelling hillocks the lower extremities of the lakes, scenery having much the same graceful and classical character as some portions of the Roman or Tuscan. Only the ruined vestiges of Roman grandeur, which add so great an interest to the scenery of southern Italy, are wanting; but the villas, terraces, arcades, and the vegetation, are in a great measure the same in the populous and embellished districts of Piedmont and Lombardy.

Buildings quite Italian in style and character crown the eminences which rise from the plain, or extend up the numerous valleys that penetrate to the foot of the main chain of the Alps, and seem to give a more classical tone to these highly romantic spots than is observed in most of the valleys to the north. In the German cantons the dwellings, usually of wood, have that completely Swiss or Alpine character, which, though picturesque, is anything but classical. Perhaps the ennobling influence of a high style of Art is alone wanting; for the Alpine chalets, often erected in the wildest situations, their dark wooden roofs weighed down by large stones, full of meaning in these stormy regions, are, doubtless, not unsuceptible of being rendered objects worthy of the poetical scenery which surrounds them.

With the exception of Calame of Geneva, who has given a classical character to some of his oil paintings of Swiss scenery, the views of this country, though valuable as souvenirs, rather detract than

otherwise from the sublime which nature exhibits. But the picturesque interest of the country south of the great chain of the Alps is becoming more and more appreciated. Several retired valleys, which fifteen or twenty years ago were scarcely heard of, are now visited by tourists who meet with tolerable accommodation, and general civility; and the valleys of Aosta, Sesia, and Ansa, with many lateral vales, well deserve being visited for scenery equally romantic, though differing in character from that of several of the Swiss valleys. Yet those Alpine passes, which have obtained celebrity as grand routes to Italy, are undoubtedly still more romantic, and of far greater interest. Thus the Simplon, the St. Gothard, the Splügen, and the Stelvio Pass, where admirable engineering carries the traveller through tremendous gorges and defiles (which are generally avoided), where only mule tracks or footpaths lead up to the passes, deserve to be the first visited by travellers who cross the Alps into Italy. These routes traverse, in many instances, galleries hewn out of the rock, from which the exit on to cultivated slopes, and smiling plains, presents the most striking effects of contrast; so that the labour and genius which have constructed these admirable roads over the Alps, instead of lessening the grandeur of the natural scenery, have added, apparently, to its charms both of wildness and serenity, affording, as the traveller advances towards Italy, down the gentle incline, the most varied and gratifying transitions.

H. T.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

LIVERPOOL.—Many of our readers are doubtless aware that there are in Liverpool two Art societies: one, the Academy of Arts, the elder of the two; the other, entitled the Society of Fine Arts, of more recent foundation, and which was formed by a number of gentlemen interested in the Arts, who were dissatisfied with the management of the Academy. As might naturally be expected, much difference of opinion, and not a little jealous and acrimonious feeling, have existed between the supporters of the two institutions, notwithstanding the endeavours which have been made at various times to produce harmony of action. One of the latest attempts, with this object, has been made by Mr. Joseph Boulton, Honorary Secretary of the Society of Fine Arts, who, in a recent letter published in the *Liverpool Mercury*, thus expresses himself:—"It is notorious that a large amount of personal feeling and acrimony has been imported into the contest; but with myself as with others, it has been on the whole a fight for principle, and in that view I think it should be regarded by the public, who are not exposed to the contagion of angry feelings; it is almost impossible for active combatants to escape. At the very commencement of the difference, before the Society of Fine Arts had made arrangements for their first exhibition, I was not without hope that the Academy would yield a position I conceived to be untenable for a permanence, and it required the emphatic asseveration of one of the Academy to satisfy me that any adjustment was at that time impossible. Nearly three years have elapsed since then, and I venture to hope the practice of both institutions has now so nearly assimilated, that there may be less difficulty in attaining union. Your contemporaries assume that Liverpool can support both institutions. In my judgment, based upon experience, this appears utterly fallacious, and I think the Academy's experience must lead to a similar conclusion. I would beg, therefore, to put to them, and to those gentlemen interested in Art who have kept aloof from either party, whether it is possible to adjust a union on a basis analogous to the constitution of the Philharmonic Hall? What the Philharmonic achieves for music may surely be accomplished, with similar agency, for painting and sculpture. If the two institutions now competing for public support are to continue, the contest will continue also. That continuance cannot but be prejudicial to Art and to the cultivation of kindly feeling; for it must be a hand-to-hand fight—a fight for existence. On the other hand, if the resources of both parties be united, I believe there is no place out of London which would be able to accomplish so much."

BRIGHTON.—An exhibition of paintings and water-colour drawings, chiefly by local artists, was opened last month at the Pavilion, in the large room previously occupied by the School of Art (which has been temporarily removed to another portion of the Pavilion). The works exhibited were nearly three hundred in number.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

KILLARNEY: THE LOWER LAKE.

M. Anthony, Painter. R. Wallis, Engraver.

Size of the picture, 4 ft. by 1 ft. 9 in.

FAMOUS as Ireland is for picturesque scenery throughout the length and breadth of the island, there is no spot of more varied loveliness than the Lakes of Killarney, one of the great objects of attraction to all visitors. Nature seems here to have almost exhausted her resources to combine and develop her beauties; mountains—sometimes sterile, but grand, sometimes descending abruptly to the verge of the lakes, and clothed with the richest garb of forest tree and ever-verdant shrub; islands green and luxuriant; castellated ruins old and grey; cascades white and foaming; waters reflecting on their surfaces every hue of foliage and every tint of sky and cloud;—all these unite to form a picture, or rather a series of pictures, such as few, if any, other parts of the British dominions can show. And yet how little, comparatively, are they known by the thousands who, when the summer sun is shining, and summer days are long, or the early autumn is giving new beauties to every object in the vegetable world, seek health and enjoyment in scenes far away from home: who compass land and sea, as it were; explore old Continental towns and cities, "steam" up the Rhine, ascend the Alpine glaciers, penetrate into the purple vineyards of southern France, muse among the ruined temples and broken columns of ancient Rome, lounge listlessly in the black gondolas of Venice, play the Art-critic in the galleries of Florence and Genoa; in short, go anywhere and do anything rather than ascertain what there is in their own country worth seeing and knowing. This is poor compliment to one's native land—a land so rich and beautiful, so calculated to afford the purest enjoyment, that we often marvel greatly to find it so much neglected. We have no desire to leave other parts unvisited, but let the first thoughts of the tourist be given to his own country: when he has exhausted all her wealth of beauty, he may seek out other sources of gratification.

Mr. Anthony has sketched his view of the Lower Lake of Killarney from a spot near the venerable ruins of Aghadoe, which consist of the remnant of a round tower, the walls of a small cathedral church, and the base of a round castle, sometimes called the "Pulpit," and sometimes the "Bishop's Chair." Aghadoe still gives the title to a bishop; the round tower is not seen in the picture. "The church is a low oblong building, having two distinct chapels of unequal antiquity. The ornamental doorway, although much injured by time, is still exceedingly graceful and beautiful, but the church itself is rendered revolting by the relics of mortality that lie scattered in heaps in all directions. Many of the skulls have been bleached by the rains and winds of centuries, and are as white as the clearest paper. . . . The round tower,* although a very small portion of it remains, cannot fail to be a subject of deep interest to all strangers."†

It is scarcely possible to conceive a more picturesque work of its class, and one more beautifully treated, than that from which the engraving is taken. In the immediate foreground is a group of Irish peasantry loitering for a few moments by the roadside for a gossip; a short distance behind, to the left, are the ruins just described: on the left is a cornfield, with the reapers at work; and beyond is the round castle, almost on the brink of the lake, which spreads out its dark blue waters to the opposite shore, where a long range of not very lofty hills forms the "sky-line" of the landscape. The time of day is evening, and the glow of sunset gilds every prominent object within the influence of its rays; the hills are clothed, here in deep blue, and there in "regal purple;" while in the far distant horizon the young moon displays its crescent of soft light. Mr. Anthony is a lover of colour, and has given full play to his impulses: it is a brilliant, but by no means exaggerated, representation of a very lovely passage of Irish scenery.

The picture is in the collection at Osborne.

* It stands about sixty feet from the N.W. angle of the church; all that now remains of this ancient structure is the basement reaching from the sill of the door downward.
† "Handbook to the South of Ireland and Killarney." By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall.



M. ANTHONY PINX

R. WALLIS SCULP

KILLARNEY: THE LOWER LAKE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON: JAMES S. VINTAGE



THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA. BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

PART X.

I concluded the last paper with a brief description of "Wildercliff," formerly occupied by Mr. Garrettson; the scenery around forms the subject of the illustration below. When that gentleman left the Church of England, in which he had been educated, the Methodists were despised in most places. He was a native of Maryland. Eminently conscientious, he gave his slaves their freedom, and entering upon his ministry, preached everywhere, on all occasions and at all times, offending the wicked and delighting the good, and fearless of all men; having full faith in a special Providence, and oftentimes experiencing proofs of the truth of the idea to which he clung. One example of his proofs may be cited. A mob had seized him on one occasion, and were taking him to prison by order of a magistrate, when a flash of lightning dispersed them, and they left him unmolested. In 1788 he was appointed Presiding Elder over the churches in the district, extending from Long Island Sound to Lake Champlain, more than 200 miles. One of his converts was the daughter of Judge Livingston, of Clermont. Mr. Garrettson married her in 1793, and six years afterwards they built the mansion at Wildercliff. Probably no house in the world has ever held within it so many Methodist preachers as this, from the most humble of "weak vessels" up to Bishop Asbury, and other dignitaries of the church; for, with ample means at command, the



VIEW FROM WILDERCLIFF.

doors of Mr. Garrettson and his wife were ever open to all, especially to their brethren in the ministry. And that generous hospitality is yet dispensed by the daughter, whose table is seldom without a guest.

Opposite Rhinebeck Station is the old Kingston Landing, where the 3,000 British troops under General Vaughan disembarked, and marched to the village of Kingston, two miles in the interior, and laid it in ashes. That point was the port of Kingston until within a few years, and the New York and Albany steamboats stopped there; but the thriving village at the mouth of the Rondout Creek, about a mile below, has caused it to be abandoned.

The village of Kingston (originally called Esopus)—situated upon a broad plain on the banks of the Esopus Creek, with a fine range of the southern Katzebergs in the rear—is one of the oldest settlements in the State of New York.* As early as 1614, Dutch traders built a redoubt at the mouth of Rondout (a corruption of Redoubt) Creek. A few families settled soon afterwards upon or near the site of Kingston, and called the place Wiltwyck, or Wild Indian Town. They were soon dispersed by the savages. Another settlement then followed: again the savages dispersed them. Finally, in 1660, a treaty was concluded that seemed to promise security to the settlers. But the wrath of the Indians became fiercely kindled against the white people by Governor Stuyvesant, who sent eleven Indian captives to Curaçoa, and sold them for slaves. In June, 1663, the Indians came into the open fort in great numbers, professedly to trade. At a concerted signal they fell upon the white people, murdered eighteen of them, and carried away forty-two as captives: the out settlements were all destroyed. A destructive war ensued. The Indians were expelled from the fort, and nine days afterwards a reinforcement came from New Amsterdam. The savages were pursued and almost exterminated. In the autumn they returned all the captives but three, and sued for peace.

Many of the persecuted Huguenot families who fled from France settled at Kingston and in its vicinity, towards the close of the seventeenth century; and when the war for independence broke out in 1775, their descendants were

* The Indians appropriately called this spot *At-kon-karten*, Smooth Land.

found on the side of the republicans. Kingston was called a "nest of rebels." There, in the spring of 1777, the representatives of the people of the State formed a state constitution, and organized civil government under it. The first session of the legislature was held there in July following, but the members were obliged to flee in the autumn, on the approach of Vaughan and his troops. These ascended the river from the Highlands, where Sir Henry Clinton had gained a victory, taken possession of Forts Clinton and Montgomery, and destroyed the obstructions in the river which prevented vessels



KINGSTON.

passing northward. The object of Vaughan's expedition, as we have said, was to draw the attention of Gates and his army (then casting their meshes around Burgoyne) to the country below, where devastation and ruin were threatened. After passing the Highlands, they distressed the people along the shores of the river very much by burnings and plunderings. They landed at the port of Esopus, or Kingston, on the 13th of October, and proceeded to the village in two divisions. The town contained about 300 inhabitants, and the houses were mostly of stone. The people fled with what property they could carry away, and the soldiery burned every house but one. Hurley, a few miles distant, became the place of refuge for the sufferers. There, while Esopus was in flames, the republicans hanged a spy, who had been caught in the American camp near Newburgh, a few days before. He had been sent by Sir Henry Clinton with a message to Burgoyne. When apprehended on suspicion, he was seen to cast something into his mouth and swallow it. An emetic was administered, and a silver bullet, hollow and elliptical in shape, was produced. In it, written upon tissue paper, was the following note, dated Fort Montgomery, October 8, 1777:—

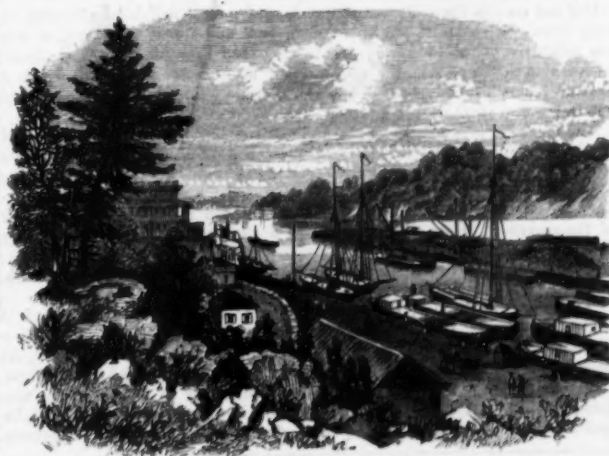
"*Nous y voici*, and nothing now between us and Gates. I sincerely hope this little success of ours may facilitate your operations. In answer to your letter of the 28th, by C. C., I shall only say I cannot presume to order, or even advise, for reasons obvious. I heartily wish you success.

"Faithfully yours,

"H. CLINTON."

The prisoner was tried: out of his own mouth he was condemned. He was taken to Hurley, and there hanged upon an apple-tree."

Kingston village is a very pleasant one, and the country about it affords delightful drives. Its population is about 4,000, and the space between it



RONDOUT CREEK.

and Rondout, a mile and a half distant, is rapidly filling up with dwellings. They are already connected by gas-pipes, and stages ply between the two villages constantly.

* That silver bullet and the note are preserved in the family of Governor George Clinton.

of Minerva, at Athens, and devoted to the use of a popular institution of learning. The views from this summit are extensive, and very interesting. The city, appearing like a town in a forest, lies at the foot of the spectator; and between the lofty Katzebergs on the north, and the Highlands on the south, the Hudson is seen at intervals, having the appearance of a chain of little lakes. Around, within an area of twenty to thirty miles in diameter, spreads out a farming-country, like a charming picture, beautiful in every feature.

The general appearance of Poughkeepsie from the hills above Lewisburg, on the western side of the Hudson, is given in our sketch. It is one of the most delightful places for residence in the United States. It is centrally situated between New York the commercial, and Albany the political, capital of the State. Its streets are shaded with maple, elm, and acacia trees; and their cleanliness is proverbial. It is celebrated for its numerous seminaries of learning for both sexes, the salubrity of its climate, the fertility of the surrounding country, and



THE HIGHLANDS, FROM POUGHKEEPSIE.

the wealth and general independence of its inhabitants. The eye and ear are rarely offended by public exhibitions of squalor or vice, while evidences of thrift are seen on every hand.

From a high rocky bluff on the river front of Poughkeepsie, named the Call Rock, exquisite views of the Hudson, north and south, may be obtained. The scene southward, which includes a distant view of the Highlands, is the most attractive. At all times the river is filled with water-craft of almost every description. The most striking objects on its surface are fleets of barges from the northern and western canals, loaded with the products of the fields and forests, lashed or tethered together, and towed by a steamboat. On these barges whole families sometimes reside during the season of navigation; and upon lines stretched over piles of lumber, newly-washed clothes may be frequently seen fluttering in the breeze. One of these fleets appears in our sketch.

Two miles below Poughkeepsie is Locust Grove, the seat of Professor Samuel

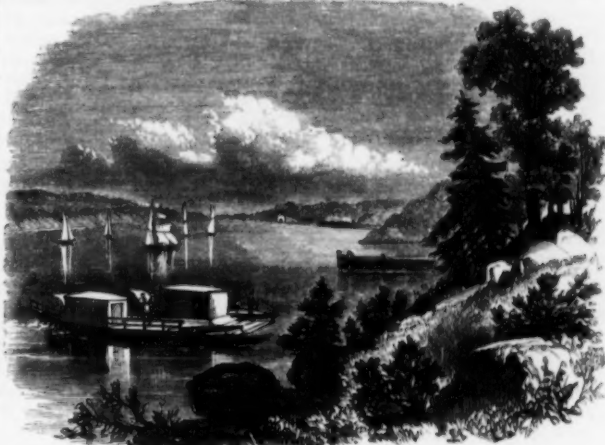


LOCUST GROVE.

F. B. Morse, an eminent artist and philosopher, the founder of the American Academy of Design, but better known to the world as the author of the telegraph, now used in almost every civilized country on the globe. For this wonderful contribution to science, and addition to the world's inventions for moral and material advancement, he has been honoured by several royal testimonials, honorary and substantial, and by the universal gratitude and admiration of his countrymen. Locust Grove is his summer retreat, and from his study he has electrographic communication with all parts of the United States and the British provinces. The mansion is so embowered that it is almost invisible to the traveller on the highway. But immediately around it are gardens, conservatories, and a pleasant lawn, basking in the sunshine; and through vistas between magnificent trees, glimpses may be caught of the Hudson, the

northern and southern ranges of mountains, and villages that dot the western shore of the river. Here the master dispenses a generous hospitality to friends and strangers; and with the winning graces of a modest, unobtrusive nature, he delights all who enter the charmed circle of Locust Grove. For the man of taste and genius his home is the most charming retreat to be found on the banks of the Hudson from the wilderness to the sea.

About four miles below Poughkeepsie is an ancient stone farm-house and a mill, at the mouth of Spring Brook, at the eastern terminus of the Milton Ferry. Here, during the old war for independence, lived Theophilus Anthony, a blacksmith, farmer, miller, and staunch Whig, who used his forge for most rebellious purposes. He assisted in making a great chain (of which I shall hereafter write), that was stretched across the Hudson in the Highlands at Fort Montgomery, to prevent the British ships of war ascending the river and carrying invading troops into the heart of the country. For this offence, when the chain



MILTON FERRY AND HORSE-BOAT.

and accompanying boom were forced, and the vessels of Vaughan carried the fire-brand to Esopus or Kingston, the rebel blacksmith's mill was laid in ashes, and he was confined in the loathsome *Jersey* prison-ship at New York, where he had ample time for reflection and penitence three weary years. Alas! the latter never came. He was a sinner against ministers, too hardened for repentance, and he remained a rebel until the close of his life. Another mill soon arose from the ashes of the old one, and there his grandsons, the Messrs. Gill, grind wheat for the descendants of both Whigs and Tories, and never inquire into the politics of the passengers upon their boat at the Milton Ferry. That boat keeps alive the memory of times before steam was used for navigation, for it is one of only two vessels of the kind now upon the Hudson, towed by horses.

Opposite Spring Brook is the village of Milton, remarkable, like its sister, Marlborough, a few miles below, for the picturesque beauty of the surrounding country and the abundance of Antwerp raspberries produced in its vicinity every year. There and at some places on the eastern shore, are the chief sources of the



NEW HAMBURG TUNNEL.

supply of that delicious fruit for the city of New York; and the quantity raised is so great, that a small steamboat is employed for the sole purpose of carrying raspberries daily to the city. These villages are upon high banks, and are scarcely visible from the river. They have a background of rich farming lands, terminating beyond a sweet valley by a range of lofty hills that are covered with the primeval forest. They are the resort of New Yorkers during the heat of summer.

Eight miles below Poughkeepsie is the little village of New Hamburg, situated at the foot of a rocky promontory thickly covered with the *Arbor Vitæ*,

or white cedar, and near the mouth of the Wappingi's Creek. Through this bluff the Hudson River Railway passes in a tunnel 800 feet in length, and then crosses the mouth of the Wappingi, upon a causeway and drawbridge. All over this rocky bluff, including the roof of the tunnel, the Arbor Vitæ shrubs stand thickly; and present, according to Loudon, the eminent English writer on horticulture and kindred subjects, some of the finest specimens of that tree to be found in the world. Here they may be seen of all sizes and most perfect forms, from the tiny shrub to the tall tree that shows its stem for several feet from the ground. The most beautiful are those of six to ten feet in height, whose branches shoot out close to the ground, forming perfect cones, and exhibiting nothing to the eye but delicate sprays and bright green leaves. When quite small these shrubs may be successfully transplanted; but under cultivation



THE ARBOR VITÆ.

they sometimes lose their perfect form, and become irregular, like the common cedar tree. They are beginning to be extensively used for hedges, and the ornamentation of pleasure grounds.*

A pleasant glimpse of Marlborough, through a broad ravine, may be obtained from the rough eminence above the New Hamburg tunnel, and also from the lime-kilns at the foot of the bluff, on the edge of the river, where a ferry connects the two villages. But one of the most interesting views on the Hudson, in this vicinity, is from the gravelly promontory near the town, at the mouth of the Wappingi's Creek—a large stream that comes down from the hills in the north-eastern part of Dutchess County, dispensing fertility and extensive water-power along its whole course. It is navigable for a mile and a-half from its mouth, when it falls seventy-five feet, and furnishes power used by quite a large manufacturing village. It is usually incorrectly spelled Wappingers. Its name



MARLBOROUGH, FROM THE LIME-KILNS.

is derived from the Wappingi tribe of Indians, who, with the Matteawans, inhabited this beautiful region on the Hudson, just north of the Highlands. It should be written Wappingi's Creek.

From that gravelly height the Highlands, the village of Newburgh, and a large portion of the lower part of the "Long Reach" from Newburgh to Crom Elbow, are seen; with the flat rock in the river, at the head of Newburgh Bay and near its western shore, known as *Den Duyvel's Dans Kamer*, or the Devil's Dance Chamber. This rock has a level surface of about half an acre (now covered with beautiful Arbor Vitæ shrubs), and is separated from the main-land by a marsh. On this rock the Indians performed their peculiar semi-religious rites,

* The Arbor Vitæ is the *Thuja Occidentalis* of Linnaeus. It is not the genuine white cedar, although it frequently bears that name. In New England it is often called Hackmatack. Its leaves lie in flattened masses along the stems, and each is filled with a vesicle containing a thin aromatic turpentine. It bears yellowish brown cones, about five lines in length.

called *pois-sons*, before going upon hunting and fishing expeditions, or the war-path. They painted themselves grotesquely, built a large fire upon this rock, and danced around it with songs and yells, making strange contortions of face and limbs, under the direction of their conjurors or "medicine-men." They would tumble, leap, run, and yell, when, as they said, the Devil, or Evil Spirit, would appear in the shape of a beast of prey, or a harmless animal; the former apparition betokened evil to their proposed undertaking, and the latter prophesied of good. For at least a century after the Europeans discovered the river, these hideous rites were performed upon this spot, and the Dutch skippers who navigated the Hudson, called the rock *Den Duyvel's Dans Kamer*. Here it was that Peter Stuyvesant's crew were "most horribly frightened by roystering devils," according to the voracious Knickerbocker.

Sixteen miles below Poughkeepsie, on the same side of the Hudson, is the small village of Fishkill Landing, having for a background, in a view of it from the river, the lofty range of the Fishkill Mountains, which form a portion of the Highlands proper, through which the Hudson flows a few miles below. Here is the Fishkill and Newburgh railway-station, and a long wharf that stretches over the shallow bed of the river to the deep channel far in the direction of Newburgh. That large town lies upon the steep slope on the western shore, and presents a beautiful appearance to the traveller by railway or steamboat, especially when it is lighted up by the morning sun. Around that old town, the site of the oldest permanent settlement in Orange County, are clustered many associations of the war for independence; for near there the Continental Army encamped, there it was disbanded, and in a house yet standing, and well preserved, Washington had his head-quarters for a long time.

The first European settlement at Newburgh was commenced in 1709, by some Palatines, who went up from New York for the purpose, seated themselves



MOUTH OF WAPPINGI'S CREEK.

a little above Quassaic (sometimes called Chambers') Creek, where the Quassaic Indians resided, and laid the foundations of "Newborough." They obtained a patent from Queen Anne in 1719, but becoming dissatisfied, they went some to Pennsylvania, and some to the Mohawk Valley. English, Irish, New England, and Huguenot settlers supplied their places. New Windsor (two miles below), and other places, were settled, and a flourishing little commonwealth was commenced. New Windsor, upon the shores of a sheltered bay near the mouth of the Quassaic, was, for some time, the rival of Newburgh. They were included in the "Highland Precinct" until 1763, when they were divided into separate municipalities, and so remained until organized into towns in 1788.

[An engraving of "Fishkill Landing and Newburgh" will appear in the next Part, when the description of the locality will also be continued.]

CROPSEY'S "AUTUMN ON THE HUDSON."*

[ADDRESSED TO J. T. FIELD, OF BOSTON.]

FORGOT are Summer and our English air;
Here is your Autumn with her wondrous dyes;
Silent and vast your forests round us rise:
God, glorified in Nature, fronts us there,
In His transcendent works as heavenly fair
As when they first seemed good unto His eyes.
See, what a brightness on the canvas lies!
Hues, seen not here, flash on us everywhere;
Radiance that Nature here from us conceals;
Glory with which she beautifies decay
In your far world, this master's hand reveals,
Wafting our blest sight from dimmed streets away,—
With what rare power!—to where our awed soul kneels
To Him who bade these splendours light the day.

W. C. BENNETT.

* Both time and place are opportune for the insertion of the above Sonnet, written by one of the most popular "minor" minstrels of the day, and forwarded to us for insertion.—Ed. A.-J.

OBITUARY.

MR. HERBERT INGRAM, M.P.

IN common with the whole Press of England, we record with earnest grief the death of this gentleman. From an obscure position he attained to one of eminence and wealth. Owing little to nature, and nothing to fortune, he became a member of the legislature, and reasonably calculated on passing the later years of an active life as one of the magnates of a town in which he had toiled as a humble artisan—and of which he had been the representative in Parliament. His case is not a very rare one; but it is pregnant with example and encouragement. There is no man, however inauspicious may be the commencement of his career, who may not achieve the greatness always within the reach of energy and industry. We extract the following brief memoir of Mr. Ingram from the *Illustrated London News*:

"Herbert Ingram, who was born in Boston, was in the forty-ninth year of his age. In that town he began an active career at eleven years of age, as a printer, and both as apprentice and compositor he there did many a good hard day's work. He thus endeavoured to assist in the support of his family, which, old and highly respected, had enjoyed comparative riches. To the interests of Boston, as his native town, he devoted throughout life much of the labour of his indefatigable nature. The pure water which its citizens drink—the gas which lights them—the railway recently opened, that connects their town with the mid-districts of England—and many other 'works which now remain,' bear the impress of his fostering hand and kindly care. At Boston, as many of his friends are aware, he had intended to spend the evening of his days, resting from his many labours on his property at Swinhead Abbey. Boston was justly proud of him, and through all the many phases of his eventful life recognised his merits, and undeviatingly gave him its confidence. Three times in succession was he returned as its representative to parliament, and always by majorities most decisive and unmistakable.

"As the founder of this newspaper, he originated another era in the diffusion of knowledge and in the popularisation and promotion of Art. He introduced a new means of improved education—a novel machinery, by which to chronicle, in pictures as well as by description, just as it passes, the history of the world. This paper was the object of his utmost care and greatest pride."

Without by any means undervaluing the results of the lucky idea that originated the remarkable and very valuable publication over which Mr. Ingram presided for upwards of eighteen years, we may be permitted to say it was to a chance thought rather than a matured plan, to which it owed existence. Mr. Ingram never contemplated the prosperity to which it arose, or the amazing influence it was destined to exercise, finding its way into, not every quarter, but every corner of the globe, and delighting the hearts and minds of hundreds of thousands, as, week after week, it became an instructor, novel, impressive, and effective. Mr. Ingram's belief was that he might devise such a "pictured paper" as would be a great *advertising* medium; and with that view he began the work. At first, it was of course, unprosperous, his small savings were exhausted, and (we speak within our own knowledge when we say) within some two months after its commencement, he offered a third of the "property," with its prospects, to the printer, in liquidation of his bill. So little confidence had the printer in the scheme, that he declined the proposition, and thus lost a chance that would have made him rich. The silver spoon was for the one—that of wood for the other. In spite of all warnings, all entreaties, to abandon the project as hopeless, Mr. Ingram persevered: he had full faith in it, faith which the apprehensions of his family and friends could not abate; and the dangerous headland once turned, the voyage conducted to fortune and to fame. He earned and deserved both: his resolution and perseverance were rewarded, and his claim is undoubted to rank as a great public benefactor, inasmuch as the *Illustrated London News* has immensely aided to create and extend a knowledge and love of Art, and has always advocated and advanced good and upright principles in literature and in morals, keeping fully and justly the promise made in the

first volume of the work—"To pursue the great experiment with boldness, and to associate sound principles with a purity of tone that may secure and hold fast for the new journal the fearless patronage of families; to seek in all things to uphold the great cause of public morality; to keep continually before the world a moving panorama of all its actions and influences."

The subject—that of the influence of wood-engraving on the Art and intellectual progress of the age—is a large one; and will, some time or other, receive due consideration in the *Art-Journal*.

The great merit of Mr. Ingram is that he commenced his work when the machinery for producing such a publication was utterly insufficient. It grew and increased as he proceeded; and, undoubtedly, such growth and increase were in a great measure the result of his thought and labour.

The *Illustrated London News*, though younger than the *Art-Journal* by about four years, preceded it as an *illustrated work*. We did not commence to give wood-engravings until some two years afterwards. But the large supply, and the necessity for haste in production, were never requisites to us. It astonished all persons when Mr. Ingram, not long after the beginning of his labour, contrived to obtain a sufficient number of engravings weekly—often describing incidents that had occurred only the week previously to the issue of his journal. The plans he adopted, and the machinery he employed, we shall explain hereafter.

The *Illustrated London News* is now firmly established in public favour; it has deserved as well as obtained enormous success. It is not unlikely that it will now be much improved, for it seemed of late as if Mr. Ingram had been content with the position to which he had brought his paper, and was unmindful of the great fact—that it is even more difficult to keep, than to obtain, a character that shall secure success against opposition and rivalry. The staff of the work is, as it has long been, good: there is little doubt that a new and greater energy will superintend and direct this valuable organ, which contributes so much to public pleasure and instruction.

ALFRED EDWARD CHALON, R.A.

Another of the veteran members of the Royal Academy has passed away: Mr. A. E. Chalon died on the 3rd of last month, at his residence, Campden Hill, Kensington, having reached the great age of eighty years. He was brother of John James Chalon, also a member of the Academy, who died about six years ago.

Mr. Chalon's reputation as an artist rests entirely upon the portraits, chiefly in water-colours, which during many years hung on the walls of the Academy at the annual exhibitions: these works are in a slight and mannered style, but sufficiently graceful and pleasing to render the artist popular in the feminine fashionable world: beyond this, his claim to artistic position cannot be allowed. His election into the Academy, in 1816, happened at a fortunate period as regarded himself; there was then a remarkable dearth of painters of real talent, and Chalon's free and sparkling pencil found favour with his brother artists. He was also appointed "Portrait-painter to her Majesty," a mere honorary distinction; and was a member of the Society of Arts of Geneva, a compliment derived, in all probability, from his Swiss extraction. Both he and his brother lived in terms of intimate friendship with Leslie, from whose pen there appeared a kindly notice in the *Art-Journal* of John J. Chalon, shortly after his decease.

Notwithstanding his advanced age, Alfred Chalon painted to the very last: to the exhibition of the present year he contributed several works, showing that age had dealt very gently with him, for there was little diminution of his earlier powers. The *Critic* remarks, that "he has left behind him a large collection of his own water-colour paintings and sketches. Last year he offered to present the whole to the parish of Hampstead—a place dear to him, as it is to many another London artist—on the sole condition of the parishioners finding a suitable building and a curator. The wealthy inhabitants of Hampstead had too little public spirit or interest in the Arts to accept the offer. He has unfortunately died intestate. A will was, it is said, made last summer before the artist left town—but not attested.

Alas! that artists will despise legal formalities! As the veteran's brother and only sister had both died before him, and as he has no other near relatives, it is doubtful who will be entitled to take out letters of administration. In any case, his collection will now have to succumb to the too common lot of artists' collections, and be dispersed under the auctioneer's hammer."

MR. EBENEZER LANDELLS.

The death of Mr. Landells is a heavy loss to the art he professed, and which he had greatly contributed to elevate, not alone by his own abilities, but by the large "staff" he employed, and by whose aid he was enabled to produce a very considerable number of engravings weekly. He died at the comparatively early age of fifty-three. Until recently, his stalwart frame might have been taken as assurance of a much longer life. We extract the following brief memoir from the *London Review*:—"He was a native of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he was a pupil of Thomas Bewick, the celebrated engraver, and Mr. Landells's best woodcuts have much of the artistic feeling of his master. Mr. Landells came to London about thirty years since, and had since been connected with the leading illustrated periodicals of the day. In 1841, he was one of the originators of *Punch*, his share in the copyright of which he disposed of in the following year to the present proprietors of that popular journal. In the autumn of 1842, Mr. Landells was commissioned by the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News* to sketch and engrave the scenes and incidents of Her Majesty's visit to Scotland; and his success on this occasion led to his being subsequently engaged to illustrate, in the above journal, the several royal visits to various parts of the United Kingdom, and the Continent. He was likewise the originator of the *Illuminated Magazine*, five vols., and one of the original proprietors of the *Lady's Newspaper*. To this arduous branch of his art Mr. Landells brought considerable artistic taste, as well as untiring energy, such as alone could enable him to sketch and engrave incidents from some hundred miles' distance, so as to meet the requirements of a weekly newspaper. In private life he was an affectionate husband, an indulgent father, and a warm-hearted, generous friend."

M. HERSENT.

We have to record the death of an eminent French artist, the venerable M. Hersent, historical painter, and a member of the Academy of Paris.

M. Hersent was born in Paris, in 1777; he studied under M. Regnault, and his progress during this period was such as enabled him, in 1797, to gain the second prize of the Institute; but his health being impaired by severe study, his parents endeavoured, though in vain, by placing him in trade, to wean him from his love of Art. He left painting for a time, but soon returned to the only career he desired, snatching from his necessary repose, time to paint his first picture, 'Narcissus viewing himself in the Water.' Having positively decided on his career, he pursued it vigorously, producing in succession the following works:—'Achilles delivering Briseus to the Greek Heralds'; 'Atala poisoning herself in the arms of Chaetas'; 'The Death of Bichat'; 'Daphne and Chloe'; 'Las Casas sick, nursed by the Savages'; 'Passage of the Bridge of Landshut'; 'Louis XVI. distributing Alms to the Poor, in the Winter of 1788'; 'The Abdication of Gustavus Vasa': this picture disappeared from the Palais Royal in 1848. 'Friars of Mont St. Gothard feeding the Poor'; 'Ruth and Boaz'; with numerous portraits.

M. Hersent was decorated in 1819, and made member of the Institute in 1822, officer of the Legion of Honour in 1824. His career was well and nobly run: his works are full of delicacy and truth, and in his private character he was much esteemed by all who knew him. Of late years M. Hersent painted but little; his great age proving almost an effectual barrier to laborious exertion.

MR. JAMES FOGGO.

We have received, but too late for insertion this month, some particulars of the career of this painter, who died on Sept. 14: our notice must be reserved to a future time.

ART-UNION OF GLASGOW.

LAST month we extracted a paragraph from the report of this Association. That extract was so remarkable in its character, and appeared of such importance, not to the Glasgow Art-Union only, but to all Art-Unions throughout the country, that we have thought it advisable to make its statements the subject of especial investigation; and the results of inquiry on the spot shall now be laid before the Art-interested public. The pith of the extract lay in the fact that the Directors of the Glasgow Art-Union, hitherto considered one of the most flourishing and successful in the kingdom, had to pay down about £200 each in order to keep faith with subscribers, artists, and the public: so that the association had for the time become unable, from its own proper revenue, to pay twenty shillings in the pound. But investigation showed that it is not all, nor the worst of, the liabilities incurred by these directors, as they have been constrained, from the same high sense of honour, to advance a further sum of £5,000 to meet other liabilities, of which they seem to have had little or no knowledge until very recently. How this state of things has arisen we shall now endeavour to explain.

In all such associations it must be taken for granted that the directors, as a body, especially those engaged in large private business, can only have a very general knowledge of those financial details over which they are supposed to preside, but which, from the nature of things, must be almost exclusively left in the hands of paid officials. So it appears to have been in Glasgow, and the results shall be made to speak for themselves.

The Glasgow Art-Union was established in 1841; during the first years of its existence the income was small; but the progress was steady, and the management apparently sound. During the four years from 1849 to 1852, the aggregate income was £9,830, of which £4,140 was spent on prizes, chiefly pictures; £2,332 on engravings, making a total of 66 per cent.; and the remaining 34 per cent. appears to have been expended on working expenses, of which the agency cost 4½ per cent. The report for 1852-53 states that "the subscriptions during the year 1847-48 amounted to nearly £860; the year 1852-53 your committee are happy to say they have been above £6,800, an increase they believe unprecedented in the career of any similar society." A result in no small degree attributable to the issue of the admirable print of 'The Keeper's Daughter,' engraved by Ryall, after a picture by Frith and Ansdell. But already difficulty had begun to loom in the distance—the difficulty of only having two-thirds of their subscriptions paid up before the end of June. But, as usual on such occasions, cordial thanks were voted to everybody, and especially to the officials, for the zeal and industry bestowed on the affairs of the association. How far this year was better than its predecessors for the avowed purposes of the association may be gathered from the fact that out of £6,817 received, only £2,457 was devoted to prizes, £1,680 to engravings, leaving 39 per cent. for working expenses, while the charge for agency had increased from 4½ to 8 per cent.; so that for the encouragement of Art and artists, the great additional income was proportionably a loss rather than a gain. No doubt the balance-sheet shows that the sum to be carried forward in the name of balance had been more than doubled, the balance in 1851-52 being £579 in round numbers, while in 1852-53 it had risen to £1,463; but, so far as we can see, these balances all through represent nothing but unpaid accounts, and accordingly we find this £1,463 fully disposed of, without allowing anything for contingencies either of expenditure or bad debts.

About this time, we believe, for we have not the precise date at hand, a new arrangement was made between the directors and their secretary, Mr. Kidston, by which the latter was to receive a commission on the gross income of the association, instead of the salary he had hitherto been paid, and to this additional stimulus, also, a considerable proportion of the increased income may very fairly be attributed. Accordingly, in 1854, we find that the income had increased to £10,655, of which £4,725 was devoted to prizes, and £2,820 to engravings, showing an addition of nearly 10 per cent. devoted

to Art over the previous year, and an apparent reduction of expenditure from 39 to 29½ per cent. for working expenses—we say *apparent*, for as the balance for outstanding subscriptions on the year shows, that reduction could not be real, the balance being £1,612, without doubt many of the subscriptions were bad debts. In this year, 1854, the gross balance was £1,870. The income had been large, the committee were in high spirits, and the usual thanks were voted with more than the usual enthusiasm.

The year 1855 was the culminating point of the association's success. In that year the income rose to £20,282, of which only £7,947 was laid out on prizes, and £4,480 on engravings, making a total of 61 per cent. on works of Art, while the agency had risen to 11 per cent., and apparently all the other working expenses in proportion; while, according to the report, the balance had assumed the proportion of nearly one-fourth of the whole income, the net amount being £5,568, of which £4,440 consisted of outstanding subscriptions—subscriptions out of which the secretary seems to have drawn his commission, as the salaries of secretary and clerks for that year amount to £1,349. And now that double action seems to have got into full operation, which has ended in the present difficulties. Commission on gross income, without reference to expense, seems to have acted as a stimulus to undue extension of means to obtain subscribers, both at home and abroad; and the extension of honorary secretaries to localities where only one or two subscribers could be obtained, although these swelled the aggregate numbers, must often have cost, in proofs, printing, and correspondence, more than the amount received; and if such happened to be among the defaulting subscribers, the loss, with secretary's commission, expenses, and no returns, would be at least double loss to the association; and so far as we have yet gone, all such losses seem to have been treated as balances at call. To this was added the complications incident to preparing, for two or three years beforehand, for the print business of the association, which necessarily complicated the whole system of accounts, and must have made the details still less intelligible to the committee of management, so that in point of fact the officials must now have had the entire affairs under their own control. In 1856 the tide of success began to turn, and the income for that year fell to £18,322; but in spite of this, and as if endeavouring to recover lost ground, the sum laid out on prizes was £9,750, and on prints, £3,853, making a total of 74 per cent. of the income, or 13 per cent. more than in the previous most successful year. But the kind of success now began to manifest itself, and in the report of this '56 we have more than one-half of this year's income in the form of balance, the sum being £9,288, and of this sum £7,114 consisted of unpaid subscriptions, which nevertheless yielded a proportional income to the secretary, for we find that the salaries for secretary and clerks this year amounted to £1,181. No doubt the balance sheet shows that this balance was subject to "charges and commissions to agents on accounts not yet rendered," but this seems rather an aggravation than a palliation of the fact. The year 1857 witnessed still more extraordinary efforts to recover losing ground. The studios of London and the provinces were hunted for attractions to subscribers, and a mad race for buying at random in the exhibitions was run between the associations of Glasgow and Edinburgh; but although everything possible was done to exhibit and puff the pictures, the income fell to £16,394. By previous efforts the committee found that the liability that year for prizes was £8,574, and for engravings, £5,829, so that they distributed 87½ per cent. of their income on Art, or 26½ per cent. more than in the most prosperous year of their existence; while their working expenses, judging from those for exhibition and commission, had also considerably increased, a state of affairs which could not of course last. Still the report of the directors for the year, although less buoyant, ascribes portending difficulties to all causes but the true one. The commercial panic, the Indian mutiny, and other causes are considered sufficient to account for the falling income; but from the notices of papers and Art journals, distinguished for their knowledge of Art, which had passed eulogiums on the exhibitions of the prizes in the principal towns, "the committee considered themselves fairly entitled

to congratulate this meeting on the distinguished success which has attended their operations." As this committee soon after found, eulogiums from those distinguished in their knowledge of accounts, would have been of more value to the association, for in this year, 1857, there is of expenditure belonging to 1855, £851, of ascertained and probable expenditure belonging to 1856, amounting to £9,288, and of so-called balance belonging to 1857 of £15,220, of which £6,380 was in the bank, and £8,510 in unpaid subscriptions, during three years' operations. In short, the affairs now seem to have drifted into hopeless confusion, and the directors being in helpless ignorance of nearly all details, it is not wonderful that the report for 1858 omits, for the first time, the usual prominent eulogizing on Mr. Kidston, and announces that "the committee, having considered it advisable to appoint a professional auditor, to superintend the whole financial operations of the society, nominated Mr. Alexander Moore, accountant in Glasgow, to that office, and they believe that the arrangement will be found beneficial to the interests of the society." But however beneficial to the unravelling of the confusion, the hope expressed by the committee in the thanks to the officials, for "the expectation that their enlightened and hearty aid will be given in the future, towards forwarding the interests and objects of the association," could not lead the subscribers to be sanguine even on that head. Again the income declined, and in 1858-59, it had fallen to £13,111, while the amount devoted to prizes was £4,157, and to prints £5,104, making a total of 71 per cent. for the year devoted to Art; but the report exhibits no balance-sheet, so that we know nothing about how the balance stood, or of any other details. The report for 1859-60 brings the conclusion most surely to have been expected from the preceding state of affairs, when the income could not be determined by the number of subscribers, but by the previously incurred liabilities of the directors. The shares taken by the public only reached £12,002, but £14,454 had been spent or promised, and the directors, to their conspicuous honour, took up shares to the amount of £2,071, in order that perfect faith might be kept, both with the artists and the public. But beyond that £2,071, which these directors have provided for the current year, there is that dreary waste of "balance" also to be satisfied; and towards helping to cope with that difficulty, these men have been compelled to advance a further sum of about £5,000, at present without any certainty that even that will be sufficient. That such a state of things could have arisen without the most culpable incapacity or mismanagement on the part of the officials, it is impossible to believe; and the effects cannot but be detrimental to all the Art-Unions in existence, in making qualified men shrink from positions where such responsibilities can become possible.

Into the pecuniary dispute between Mr. Kidston and the directors of the Glasgow Art-Union we shall not at present enter, except to say that the style in which that gentleman has managed the Glasgow Art-Union requires more elucidation, before it can be accepted as sufficient guarantee for the success of another Art-Union—an association which Mr. Kidston proposes shall, under his direction, supersede the Art-Union of Glasgow; while, on the other hand, the directors, who are anxious to sustain an institution which has done so much for Art and artists, are, from the singularly honourable course they have pursued towards the public, more than ever entitled to hearty and increased public confidence and support.

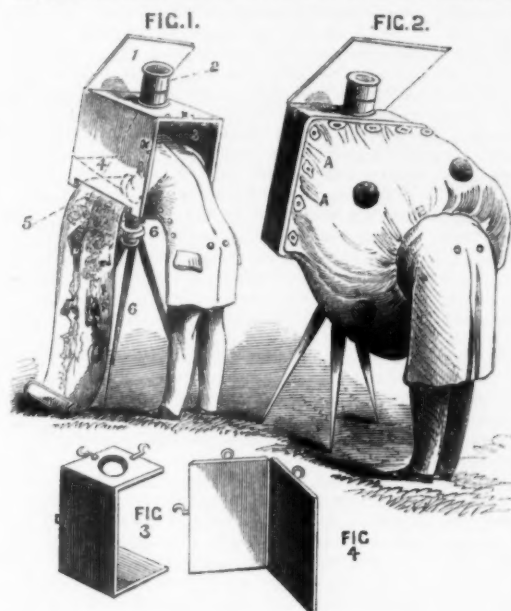
It is, above all things, necessary that the "managers" of such institutions should be free of all suspicion, not only of wrong acts, but of wrong motives. Much must be inevitably left to them; it is not to be expected that unpaid directors will devote much time to duties such as were theirs who formed and sustained this institution. Especially in Glasgow was such a result to be looked for; its merchants and manufacturers are busy men, to whom every hour is very valuable, and probably most of them considered they had done all they were required to do in lending their names to the society, as a sanction and warranty for its good faith. We acquit them, therefore, of all blame; but blame there must be somewhere, if there be nothing worse. Probably the public will receive "explanations;" undoubtedly they are demanded.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."
THE CAMERA-OBSCURA.

SIR,—I beg to forward a description of a camera-obscura, which may be constructed of the simplest materials (a common packing case, object lens of a spy glass, and an ordinary looking-glass), and would thereby ensure easy repair under almost any circumstances.

In the present camera the ground-glass plate of the ordinary instruments is dispensed with, and the subject to be delineated is thrown directly on the



surface of the drawing-paper, and can be rapidly pencilled off, thus obviating the tedious double process of tracing and recopying, which is necessary for practical purposes with the other instruments.

I have myself tried the present variation of the principle of a camera-obscura successfully on many occasions.

J. H. L. ARCHER.

Fig. 1

1. Mirror (angle 45°.)
2. Cylinder and object lens, with slide.
3. Interior of camera, painted black.
4. Drawing board, on a spring, by which the focus is adjusted.
- XX Buttons, or studs, for attaching the curtain.
5. Slit by which the landscape (if panoramic) is rolled out of the camera.
6. Pivot and tripod.

Fig. 2.

The camera with darkening curtain attached by a contracting India-rubber band to the studs on the box, A A. It is in the form of a bag, the open mouth of which is attached to the front of the box, while at the other extremity is an aperture with an expansive India-rubber border, B, which, on the manipulator inserting his body, contracts about his waist, and so excludes all light.

RUSKIN'S "MODERN PAINTERS."

SIR,—I beg to avail myself of the columns of the *Art-Journal* to correct an extraordinary statement made in a foot note, p. 116, Vol. V., Ruskin's "Modern Painters," which is as follows:—

"There still exists some early proofs of Miller's plate of 'The Grand Canal, Venice,' in which the sky is the likeliest thing to Turner's work I have ever seen in large engravings. The plate was spoiled, after a few impressions were taken off, by desire of the publisher. The sky was so exactly like Turner's that he thought it would not please the public, and had all the fine cloud-drawing rubbed away to make it soft."

Now there is no foundation whatever for this statement: no such interference with the sky, as is asserted, was ever made. The plate left my hands

after being carefully worked up to the drawing and effect of the picture in all its parts, under the direction of Turner himself, through his touched proofs and letters, and I have reason to believe finished entirely to his satisfaction, as well as that of the publisher. I have also the assurance of the latter (Henry Graves) that not a touch was ever put upon the plate but what was done by myself, and, as it was submitted to me for revision during the course of printing, I have the most certain knowledge that the statement made in the work referred to, is entirely without authority, and has no foundation in fact. Who may have been the fabricator, or for what purpose the author of "Modern Painters" may have allowed himself to be thus imposed upon, I am at a loss to conceive. The possessors of proofs and prints of this plate may, however, rest assured that there never was any such interference as is stated in the foot-note, and that they possess the engraving as it was finally approved of by the great painter himself.

Allow me further to take the opportunity of referring to some observations upon my plate of 'Modern Italy,' contained in Vol. IV. of the same work, where J. Ruskin has devoted an engraving, and a considerable part of a page, in criticising the style in which the stem of a tree in the foreground of that plate has been executed, more especially in reference to the laying of the line. Now the fact is that the mode of laying the lines on that stem was suggested by Turner himself in distinct directions on a touched proof, and, therefore, he alone is answerable for the error, if there be one, which I am far from admitting; for it must be manifest to any one examining the plate, that the object of so laying the lines is to distinguish between that part of the stem on which bark still remains, and the upper part which is broken away and entirely denuded.

WILLIAM MILLER.

Hope Park, Edinburgh,
October 3.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The French School of Art sustained, some few weeks since, a heavy loss by the death of M. De Mercey, a landscape and marine painter of great talent, member of the Institute, and chief of the division of Fine Arts. Among his most important pictures were several views of Scottish scenery. As a writer upon Art, he was well-known in his native country by his "History of the Fine Arts," several fictitious works, and some narratives of his travels, and as a frequent contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and *L'Artiste*. A religious service was held on the occasion of his death, at the Church of the Madeleine, which was attended by a considerable number of high public functionaries, and of gentlemen connected with the Institute. The "Studies" have been sent as usual from the Roman French Academy. The principal picture is by M. Giacomotti (his fifth year), and represents "The Martyrdom of St. Hippolyte;" it is a fine painting, well composed, well drawn and coloured. M. De Coninck has sent a work, entitled the "Paysan du Danube," an academic figure of great power. An exhibition of the works of Decamps is talked of.—The following notice has been published in the *Beaux Arts*, a new review:—"To Municipalities, Committees of Exhibition, Art-Union, or Societies, of France or Foreign Countries. In consequence of numerous demands, we place our journal at the disposal of the various Committees of Exhibitions, &c., whenever it suits them to open exhibitions or competitions (*concours*) on subjects of the Fine Arts or Belles Lettres. It will be sufficient to send us the programmes, which will be inserted in our columns, and left also for the examination of artists at our Bureau, Rue Taranne 19." We give publicity to this notice, as some of our English institutions may be glad to avail themselves of this liberal offer.

LEIPZIG.—A violent hailstorm that passed over this city, on the 29th of September, has, it is reported, seriously damaged the two celebrated pictures, by Paul Delaroche, of 'Cromwell,' and 'Napoleon,' which hung in the gallery of the Museum: hailstones of large size, of considerable weight, broke the windows of one side of the building, and struck the paintings in several places.

MILAN.—The competition at Milan for a monument to perpetuate the annexation of Tuscany to

Piedmont is announced as follows:—"È aperto un concorso a tutti Artisti Italiani." The competition it would seem by this is to be limited to the artists of the country.

LILLE.—We find the following in a recent number of our cotemporary the *BUILDER*.—"The intended cathedral has made but small progress: a portion of the crypt, as we mentioned recently, has been completed, and an altar placed in one of the recesses where Divine service is performed. The piers to support the superstructure are of brick, with stone quoins. Above, a few of the clustered columns have been carried to the height of ten feet. The large church of St. Maurice is undergoing a complete repair, executed with care of the original decorative portion. The Museum is being improved: a new gallery is being constructed for the modern pictures. The Wicar Museum of ancient drawings is well arranged, and consists of 1,435 numbers, all framed. The drawings from the sketch-book of Michel Angelo are the great feature of the collection. They are in number 198, and being on both sides of the leaves, are framed between sheets of glass. There is an entire autograph letter of Francis I., addressed to Michel Angelo, expressing his desire to possess some of his sculptures. As his Royal Highness the Prince Consort has sent Mr. Bingham to photograph these drawings, of such high interest to architects, it may be hoped it is for the object of their being circulated among the profession. The Museum also possesses sixty-seven drawings by the divine Raffaele, some of the highest beauty."

A TRIP TO THE ART-EXHIBITION AT BRUSSELS.

ON the 18th of October, the national standard of Belgium, which, from the 15th of the previous August, had floated over the "palace of the Prince of Orange" at Brussels, was lowered. Cabs and carriages, passing along the Rue Ducale, no longer set down or took up at the portal of the palace. On that day the Fine Arts Exhibition, which for two months had been held within its walls, was closed, and the gay citizens of Belgium's capital lost thereby a very pleasant lounging-place.

By a decree of the King, Belgium has an annual exhibition of the works of living artists; but three years will have elapsed before another can be held in the same place as that which has just closed. The Metropolis shares the honour with two other towns, and the exhibition opens in succession at Antwerp, Brussels, and Ghent. These exhibitions, to which artists of all lands are invited to contribute, would, under certain conditions, be of eminent service alike to the artist and the Art-student. Could it be certain that all countries were here adequately represented, we should be enabled to judge of the absolute and comparative merits of each—see its progress, or witness its decline—trace the development of those characteristics for which each is noted, and obtain the best possible opportunity to form a true estimate of the position and prospects of Art itself. Such, unfortunately, is not the case. These conditions cannot be guaranteed. Every school is not represented, and of those that are, the most renowned masters do not exhibit; the reputations they have already acquired, renders it unnecessary that they should do so; and, either from indolence, carelessness, or a disinclination to expose themselves to criticism, they too often leave the race to be run by the younger and weaker members of their profession. Thus we sometimes become unwilling spectators of the play of "Hamlet," with the character of Hamlet omitted.

The late Exhibition was, on the whole, inferior—by no means, indeed, equal—to those of some former years. Still, out of the 1114 Art-productions which had been brought together, it was scarcely possible but that there should be something worth seeing, and something worth remembering. English artists, too, for the first time—with the exception of the Paris Exhibition of 1855—had chosen the occasion to present themselves beyond the bounds of these islands, and to put themselves in competition with foreign artists. We conceive, therefore, we should be omitting a duty, did we entirely overlook the Brussels Exhibition of 1860.

Of Belgian artists, neither Gallait nor Leys exhibited. Madou was present in two pictures of very great merit—"The News of the Day," and 'The

Village Squire,' both of which have been sold and photographed. Dillens had four pictures—the full complement—one of which has been chosen for the lottery, and all of which are extremely popular. De Kayff, also, sent the same number; one of them (253), a river scene, "with clouds and sunshine intermixed," being among the most pleasing pictures in the whole collection. The three pictures exhibited by Slengueyer were much noticed, and 'The Martyr' (882) is truly very effective. De Groux's picture of 'Charles V. receiving the Communion at the hands of his Confessor' is well executed, as is also its companion picture, 237. David Col, of Antwerp, had selected a striking subject—'The Market-Day,' which is well rendered; and Verboeckhoven contributed four pictures, the most important feature in each of which is, of course, the able representation of animals, for which he is celebrated. Israels, of Amsterdam, contributed four of his marvellous pictures; and Ten Kate, of the same place, had an equal number.

French Art was represented by Gerome, whose single contribution, 'The Death of Cæsar,' has been photographed, and is thus well known everywhere; by Troyon, who had two pictures of high excellence; by Diaz de la Pena; by Robert Fleury, who contributed two pictures of similar character—No. 813, representing the interview at Bologna of Pope Julius II. and Michel Angelo, being extremely expressive; and by Müller, who sent his two pictures, 'Marie Antoinette listening to the Reading of her Death Warrant,' and the 'Cremona Fiddle,' a pictorial representation of an affecting scene in one of Hoffman's tales.

English Art was not so well represented as we could wish. Few English painters exhibited at all; none sent more than one picture, and, in every case, not, in our opinion, the best specimen. Ward's contribution was 'Marie Antoinette in the Prison of the Conciergerie listening to the Reading of her Bill of Accusation'; the picture sent by Dyce was that which made its appearance at the Royal Academy, two years ago—'Titian studying his First Essay in Colour'; Egg had forwarded his painful picture—'Past and Present'; David Roberts contributed 'A Distant View of Jerusalem,' with figures in the foreground; while Sir Edwin Landseer was represented by that great—or rather large—picture that excited so much comment at our own Academy, 'The Flood in Scotland.'

We trust, now that the ice has been broken, English artists will not neglect any future opportunity of sending their productions to foreign exhibitions: good, in various ways, cannot but result therefrom. We hope, too, that, on future occasions, English Art will be more adequately represented than on this, both in respect of the number and the quality of works offered to the criticism of foreign artists, and the inspection of a foreign public.

Other noticeable pictures are—'A Forest in the Mountains of Norway' (54), by Rodom, of Düsseldorf; 'A Montenegrin Woman and her Child' (132), by Cerniak, which has been selected for the lottery; 'Sunday Morning'—a snow scene of placid sweetness, by De Vigne; 396 and 397 by Fourmois, of Brussels; 'Ardre Vénale,' Professor at Padua, by Hamman, of Paris; 760, a fine picture, which relates, in an admirable manner an admirable incident in the history of Ghent; 'A Landscape in Holland,' by Boelofs, of Brussels; a bouquet of 'Flowers' (343), contributed by Saint Jean, two very effective architectural pieces, by Van Meer; and three excellent street views, by Weissenbruch.

The number of engravings exhibited was small. Cousins, we saw, had sent engravings of two of Sir Edwin Landseer's pictures; and Bal, Keller, Franc, and François, had each contributed specimens of their skill. Desvachez, of Brussels, had four very fine engravings, one of which, 'The Two Sisters,' after Phillips, was produced for this Journal; and M. Vander Kolk exhibited an engraving by Bal, of Gallait's well-known picture, 'Jeanne la Folle,' in the possession of the King of Holland.

Of the sculpture little can be said. It was small in quantity, and the quality did not make amends for the defect. Van Hove, of Brussels, exhibited some vigorous groups in plaster, all of which had their admirers, and a bronze figure (*swallowing a snake*), by the same artist, is certainly fine. 'Chactas at the Tomb of Atala,' by Gruyère, of Paris, is original,

and attracted much attention; as did also Clésinger's 'Zingara,' and 'Ariadne,' by Millet (Aimé)—a reproduction on a smaller scale of that exhibited at Paris in 1857, and now deposited in the Louvre.

The palace in which the Exhibition took place—erected by the citizens of Brussels—was by them presented to the late King of Holland, then Prince of Orange. The Prince did not inhabit it for more than a year. At the expiration of that period the revolution of 1830 broke out, and his Royal Highness was under the necessity of seeking a residence elsewhere. It is pleasantly situated in the most elevated and agreeable portion of the town. In front it looks out upon the park, where, during the Revolution, some of the most severe conflicts took place. To the rear runs the Boulevard du Regent; while, at right angles, in immediate proximity, is the palace of King Leopold. The building is well adapted for the purpose to which it was put. It is oblong, and has two floors only. Visitors enter by a vestibule at one end, and traverse the ground floor till they reach the spot whence they started; they then are conducted by an easy flight of steps to the upper storey, through which they proceed in the same way. Above and below, the passage runs round the building; and pictures, statues, and engravings are arranged on one hand, whilst on the other are the windows, facing the park or the Boulevards. By this method is avoided that double tide of human faces which besets and jostles one in most Art-galleries, and which can scarcely be avoided when those who enter and those who return have to pass through the same doors. The plan of the rooms, too, is commendable. Small in size, they are incapable of having their walls covered with acres of canvas, and contain only a very limited number of pictures. This manner of partitioning the building into small spaces has several advantages. From the comparatively few pictures in juxtaposition, the spectator has a fair opportunity of appreciating the merits of each, and the artist has his work shown off with almost all the advantages he could hope to possess in his own studio. Besides, none of the pictures are hung out of sight, and the eye is not tired as when it has to traverse larger areas. The central portion of the upper floor is occupied by the Great Room, which is lighted from above, and contained the largest and most important canvases.

With the hanging of the pictures and the arrangement of the rooms we have not a fault to find. But here our commendation must cease. The most bungling and inconvenient method that could possibly be devised for numbering and cataloguing the works was adopted. Instead of having arranged them in the rooms and in the catalogue according to the sequence of numbers, the *jury de placement* numbered them in succession, according to the position in the alphabet occupied by the initial letter of each artist's name. To make matters worse, engravings, statues, lithographs, bronzes, and medals were all included in the same list. The result may be imagined. On seeing Maillon's picture, 657, we were desirous to view his other, which is numbered 658; but there was no means of finding it except by wandering throughout the whole Exhibition, and examining the number placed on each production. It was like trying to draw out, in sequence, the numbers of a lottery. This arrangement was a sad mistake, which occasioned much loss of time, and which on future occasions we hope to see rectified. We are aware that it arises from the custom of changing the places of the pictures during the exhibition; but the advantage is more than counterbalanced by the evil.

The palace in the Rue Ducale was well attended during the continuance of the Exhibition. Daily a numerous and respectable concourse assembled under its roof. But it was on Sundays, when admission was free, that the greatest number visited the collection. Then crowds thronged the building: elegantly-dressed ladies and gentlemen, women without bonnets; boys in blouses, nursemaids with children in their arms; all ages and all classes were represented; and all behaved with perfect propriety. The pictures were not guarded by rails, as they are in some of our galleries, where the price of admission must necessarily exclude the lower orders; but yet none were needed here, for all present acted with decorum, and as if they themselves had been appointed guardians of the place.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

A COUNTRY BLACKSMITH.

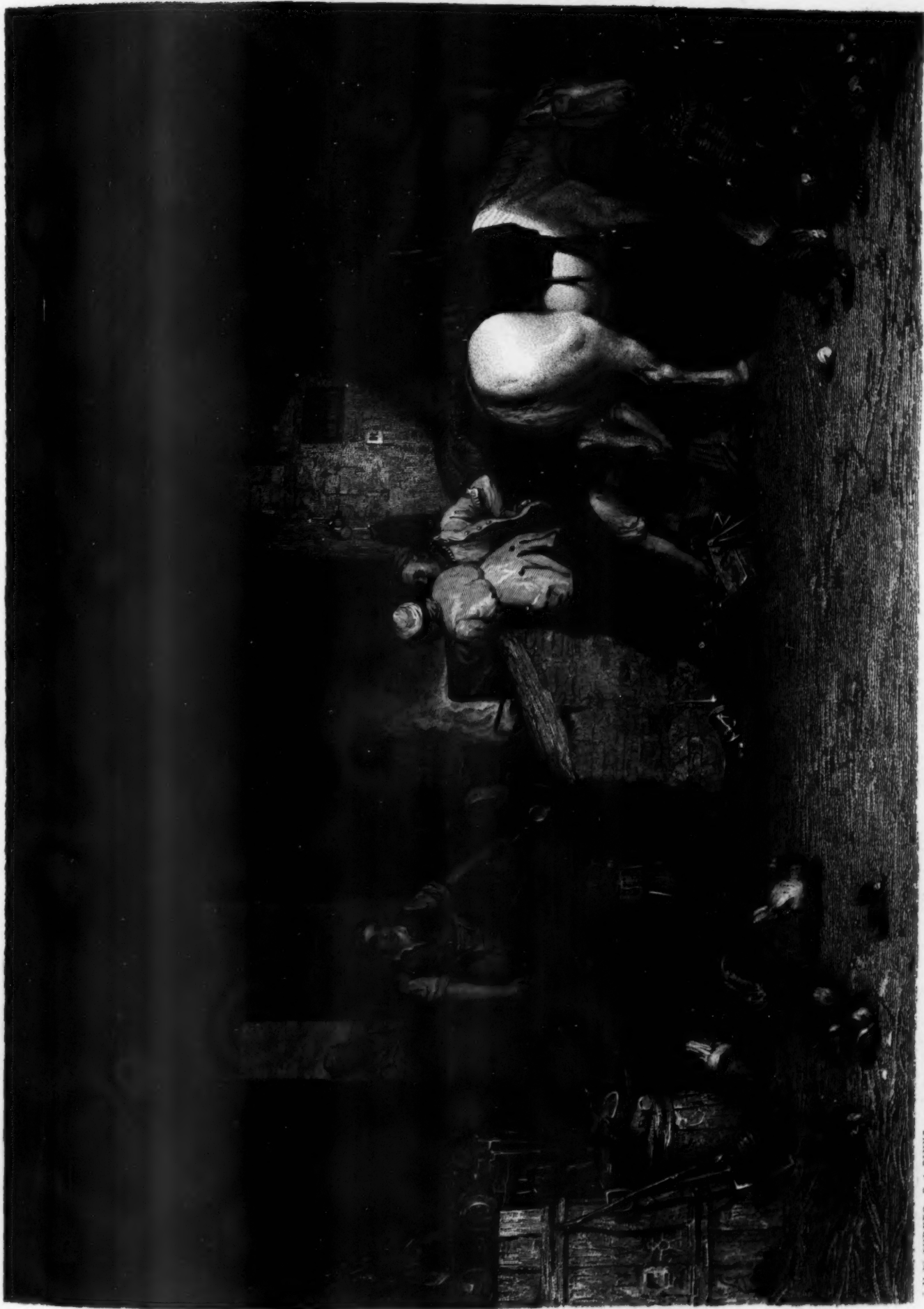
Engraved by C. W. Sharpe.

Those who know Turner only by what he painted during the last thirty years of his life—indeed, it may be said, during any part of it—would scarcely believe that this picture is the work of his hand, so entirely opposed is it to everything with which his pencil is ordinarily associated. Essentially a landscape-painter, he shows himself here a painter of genre, in a style too which will bear comparison with the works of some of the old Flemish artists. It was painted in 1807, and the circumstances that led him to depart, in this instance, and in another also, to which reference will presently be made, from his ordinary practice, are generally understood to have been these. In the preceding year Wilkie arrived in London, from Edinburgh, with his 'Village Politicians,' which proved so popular with the public, and even by many artists and connoisseurs was received with so much approbation, that Turner's emulation was excited, and he determined to show the world that a subject of the same class was not beyond his powers. The result was the picture of 'A Country Blacksmith disputing with a Butcher upon the Price of Iron, and the Charge made for Shoeing his Pony,'—the long and somewhat quaint title given by Turner to the work here engraved.

Allan Cunningham, in his biographical sketch of Wilkie, tells a story about this picture, the truth of which his son, Peter Cunningham, in his 'Turner and his Works,' undertakes to prove. In the same year that 'The Forge,' as Cunningham calls it, was exhibited, Turner sent also to the Academy another work, 'The Sun rising through Vapour,' between these was hung Wilkie's 'Blind Fiddler,' and it is said that, on what is well-known among artists as the "varnishing day,"—a day when the members of the Academy are allowed the privilege of retouching their works,—Turner reddened his sun, and blew the bellows of his art on his 'Blacksmith's Forge,' to put the Scotchman's nose out of joint, who had gained so much reputation by his 'Village Politicians.' Mr. Wornum, the Keeper of the National Gallery, has taken some pains to ascertain the truth of this story, and asserts his entire disbelief of it, from the position in which, according to the catalogue of the Academy for 1807, the pictures hung: the 'Blind Fiddler' may have been near the 'Forge,' but certainly not between it and the other by Turner, which, from its number in the catalogue, must have been at some little distance. Still stronger evidence is to be found on examining Turner's pictures: for the fire of the forge is scarcely visible, and the sun in the other is not seen at all, but is only indicated by a spot of bright yellowish colour. It is just possible,—though there is nothing in his whole history to justify a supposition of such unprofessional meanness and jealousy, but everything to contradict it,—that Turner may have retouched these parts of both pictures after they left the exhibition room.

Whatever the motive may have been which induced him to paint this picture, whether a mere saucy, or to show, as is alleged, that he too could produce, no less than Wilkie, a group of 'Village Politicians,' the work affords indisputable proof that he could grapple successfully with any subject to which he chose to apply the powers of his mind and the skill of his pencil. The composition truthfully bears out the title given to it by the painter, so far as relates to a conversation of some kind going on between those in the smithery, for even the man engaged in shoeing the pony seems for a moment to have his attention absorbed by it; the subject of the discussion is, however, not quite so apparent, for it might be one of politics, or the price of butcher's meat, or of the new shoes on the animal's feet. But the whole scene is wonderfully life-like in its general character, while all the details are made out, even to the most diminutive object, with the elaboration and finish that we find in the works of Gerard Dow, Teniers, and other Dutch masters. The light and shade, moreover, are managed with extraordinary skill and effect.

The other picture of the same class, to which allusion has been made, is the 'Harvest Home,' an unfinished sketch, also in the National Gallery.



J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. PINXT.

C. W. SHARPE SCULPT.

A COUNTRY BLACKSMITH.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

LONDON, JAMES S. VINTAGE



THE COMPANION-GUIDE

(BY RAILWAY)

IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART XI.



WE are again on the railroad, and look across "the Burry River;" it is an arm of the sea, bordered by a green shore at the base of huge cliffs: that is the Gower Land, and yon dim point is the famous "Worm's Head."

Some ten miles from Swansea—having passed, without stopping, the small station of Gower Road—

we reach the station of LOUGHOR, a poor place now, but one which the Romans made famous sixteen hundred years ago, where traces of their occupation may still be found, and where many a bloody fight between them and their brave and resolute enemies, the ancient Britons, left enduring records in the earth-heaps that yet mark the site of the "Leucrum of Antoninus." And here, just under the walls of the old castle, or rather the remains of its Keep, the river Loughor, which has its source at the foot of the Black Mountain, divides the county of Glamorgan from that of Carmarthen. We cross the railway-bridge, and rapidly glance up and down the river. It is wide and somewhat rapid, and discharges itself into the Burry River—a part of Carmarthen Bay. Some three miles distant is LLANELLY, enveloped in smoke, which two large stacks, and scores of smaller ones, pour out in huge volumes. Here a branch line of railway, running almost due north, conducts the tourist to Llandovery, through Llandeilo Fawr; it is not made for his accommodation, however, but for those huge coal trains that bear the coal of the district to the several works and ports.

We ask the reader to accompany us from this thriving, but ungainly, town of Llandeilo, as far, by this railway, as the old and picturesque town of Llandeilo, for the purpose of taking coach there, and driving along the banks of the broad and beautiful Towy into Carmarthen.* It is one of the "excursions" to which the South Wales Railway leads, and there are none pleasanter or more productive that emanate from the line. As we shall presently show, however, the railway direct proceeds to Carmarthen, and so to Milford Haven. Those who are bent on business will therefore not be called upon to follow us; but those whose purpose is pleasure, who desire acquaintance with the natural charms and historic remains of a district fertile of both, may here leave awhile the beaten track, and enjoy that which may not be very often enjoyed in any part of the kingdom—a health-drive outside a coach, where every mile presents to the eye and suggests to the mind objects and thoughts of interest and of beauty.† As will be seen, however, it is a tour that we must leave mainly to the imagination of the reader, for we have left ourselves no space adequately to describe it. If we alight at the station of Llandeilo, midway between Llandeilo and Llandovery, we may visit the limestone cavern in the neighbourhood, where tradition asserts that a famous Welsh warrior, Owen Lawgoch, or Owen of the Bloody Hand, together with his chosen band, was blockaded, and smothered or starved to death: and where fact relates that, in 1813, ten human skeletons, "with skulls and bones of larger size than those of the present race," were dug up and examined. From hence a short walk brings us to the FALL OF THE LLWCHWR (Loughor), a

broad and full, though not very high fall, situate in the richly-wooded grounds of Glynhir; and a little further on by railway we obtain a distant view of the old castle of Carreg Cennen.



FALL OF THE LLWCHWR.

Our rest is at Llandeilo, at the neat and comfortable inn of the picturesque old town. The



LOUGHOR.

Towy is here crossed by a graceful bridge of a single arch, and near it is the ancient church, dedicated to St. Teilo, recently restored, or rather rebuilt, but retaining many indications of

* A considerable diversity of opinion has obtained among antiquaries respecting the etymology of the modern name Caerfyrddin—Caerfyrddin. It has been usual to derive it from Caer Ferddin, the city of Merddin, or Merlin, the far-famed British prophet; but Humphrey Llwyd justly observes that "it was so called and known long before the birth of that very well learned man, neither did the title take its name from him, but he of that, wherein he was borne."

† Just where the Dethia joins the Towy there is a conical hill called Cerrig Tywi, which rises five or six hundred feet, and from the summit of which there is a magnificent view—mountain and valley; while the Towy, winding round its base, rushes with impetuous fury to the embraces of the gentle Dethia, where its rage seems suddenly appeased. About midway up is the cave of a celebrated robber—Twm Shôn Catll, or Thomas, the son of Catherine, a rival in deeds and generosity of the famous Robin Hood. There is a legend of him that he had become enamoured of the fair heiress of Ystrad Ffin, the neighbouring territory. One moonlight night he was serenading his lady-love underneath her window when she—whether by accident or design, story sayeth not—chanced to put out her arm so far that the son of Catherine was enabled to seize it. The desperate lover swore that unless she would then and there pledge to him her heart, he would cut off her hand, and keep that to console him in his affliction. The promise was made that both hand and heart should be his. Whether she did or did not keep her word history doth not tell us, and the poet, who is welcome to this legend, may therefore deal with the finale as to him seemeth best.

its early importance. It is to the neighbourhood, however, that the attention of the tourist should be directed.* Four miles to the east of the town are remains of an ancient British encampment, called Carn Goch (the Red Cairn), enclosing a circular area of considerable extent, and defended by a wide rampart of loose stones, in some places near ten feet high. Here, too, are the remains of several mansions of good dimensions and style of architecture, and other evidences of the former grandeur of the place. Close at hand, on the opposite side of the river, is Golden Grove, the seat of Lord Cawdor, in which his eldest son, Viscount Emlyn, resides. It was anciently the seat of the Vaughans, Earls of Carberry. Here it was Jeremy Taylor passed several years of his life,—when “the vessel of the state was dashed to pieces, and his own small barque was wrecked,”—under the protection of the “loyal earl.” There, too, or rather in its immediate vicinity, are the remains of an old grammar-school, in which Jeremy Taylor taught—in the quiet village of Llanvihangel Aberthyech. Far greater interest will be derived, however, from a visit to the venerable relics of Dynevor Castle, adjacent to which is the comparatively modern dwelling, the residence of Lord Dynevor, the lineal descendant of many illustrious ancestors, who were lords in the land before the Romans left a foot-mark on the soil, who fought with Saxons and Normans—keeping the freedom of their country long, and its honour untarnished ever. This was their stronghold; originally, it is said, erected by Roderick the Great, monarch of South Wales, A.D. 88, whose three sons are recorded in “The Triads”† as the “three diademed princes.” The little church in Dynevor Park is supposed to be erected on the site of a Roman temple; the walls of a Roman edifice, a pot of Roman coins, with other indications corroborative



BISHOP RUDD'S BATH.

of the fact, have been discovered near the spot. The church is dedicated to St. Teifi, nephew to the celebrated St. Teilo. Dynevor, Dinevawr, or Dinas Fawr, may have been a fort of mud and wattles when the Romans were in Wales, but it was certainly a royal residence when the Norman soldiers won England at Hastings. Its history, even the little that is known of it, is a startling romance, for,

“Amongst the woody hills of Dyneowre”

dwelt a long line of princes, and among these broken walls a succession of chieftains listened to

“High-born Hoel's harp and soft Llewellyn's lay.”

Even a brief history of this historic family would fill a volume; nay, early Welsh records previous to the periods of authentic history might occupy many interesting pages, and a very large number of its chiefs may be named who seem to have merited the character given of them, that they were “the bravest, the wisest, the most merciful, liberal, and just princes of Wales.”‡ If they succumbed to the Normans it was only

* There is a very agreeable, useful, and well-written guide-book to the scenery and antiquities neighbouring Llandello Fawr, written by Mr. William Davies, and published in the town.

† The Triads are documents that were manifestly written at different periods; but many of them present features of great antiquity, in corroboration of which “the Gododin,” a poem of Aneurin, commemorates the titles of several, some of which are still extant, but others are lost.

‡ It is related by Giraldus that King Henry II. dispatched a soldier, born in Bretagne, on whose wisdom and fidelity he could rely, under the conduct of Guardianus, Dean of Cambref Mawr, to

as subdued, but not conquered, enemies, ever active, ever restless, ever on the watch to vex, harass, and destroy the proud invader. Here many of them found graves, honoured in defeat no less than in victory!

“Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth!
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth!”

Though the family name has been corrupted from “Rhys” to “Rice,” it is still venerated throughout the Principality; and, if report be true in his native county, the present peer is in real worth and personal qualities no whit behind his illustrious ancestors.

We are in their district now, and we shall pass presently the site of many of their seats, such as Lanlais and Cadvan. The eminent Welsh poet, Lewis Glyn Cothi, who flourished in the



GRONGAR HILL.

fifteenth century, and who played so conspicuous a part in the wars of the Roses, spent much of his time in this locality. And we shall visit at Carmarthen the tomb of the brave knight Sir Rhys ap Thomas, to whom Henry VII. was mainly indebted for the crown he tore from the brows of “the bloody and deceitful boar,” on the field at Bosworth. The life of this Sir Rhys is wilder than romance—as, indeed, is that of his whole family. His grandfather, Gruffydd ab Nicholas, was a man of “hott, fire, and chollerick spirit, infinitelie subtle and craftie, of a basie, stirring braine.” King Henry VI., dreading his “ambitiousnesse” and power, sent commissioners to Carmarthen to apprehend him. On their way they were met by Gruffydd, “raggedlie attired,” accompanied only by four attendants. The commissioners, well pleased to have the



DRYSLWYN CASTLE.

formidable chieftain in their power, were content to accompany him to Abermarlais. On the road they were joined by his son at the head of a hundred mounted cavaliers; on their way to Newton, i. e. Dynevor, another son joined the party, with a chosen troop of two hundred horsemen; and subsequently, at Abergwili, by five hundred tall men on foot. At Carmarthen, where the commissioners were “well entertained,” Owen ab Gruffydd secretly possessed himself

explore the situation of Dynevor and the strength of the country. The wily monk guided him through by-paths, over craggy mountains, through bogs, and thick forests, and on the way ate himself heartily of roots and grass, saying it was in that manner the inhabitants were accustomed to feed and live. The soldier was so disgusted hereat, that he returned to the king and reported the district to be uninhabitable and the people brutes.

of the warrant for arresting his father, purloining it out of the Lord Whitney's sleeve. Consequently when the accused, affecting great modesty of demeanour, demanded to see the document, it was not forthcoming; whereupon Sir Gruffydd "startes up in a furie," and says, "have we cozeners and cheaters come hither?" and, "rapping out a greete oath," he orders "the traytors and impostors forthwith to prison, swearing he would hange them all up next day," and would only spare their lives on condition of returning to the king dressed in the old clothes of Sir Gruffydd, and wearing his cognizance, which they "willinglie undertook and accordingly performed." His son and successor Owen, "a good and most accomplished gentleman," took service with the Duke of Bungundy, but, having formed an indiscreet attachment to the daughter of the duke's brother, "he was compelled to return to his native country." That lady afterwards, however, became his second wife, by whom he left issue. Sir Rhys ab Thomas was his third son. His property, hereditary and acquired, was enormous—hence the Welsh couplet:—

"Y Brenin bla'u'r ynys
Ond sy o ran i Syr Rys."*

He joined the Duke of Richmond on his landing at Milford Haven, and it is said that by his hand Richard, the king, third of the name, was slain. Honours were consequently heaped upon him by the grateful monarch, Henry VII. We have given some particulars connected with the career of this brave chieftain in treating of Milford Haven and of his castle, Carew, in Pembrokeshire, where he resided during the later and peaceful years of his life. His grandson was his successor—Rhys ab Gruffydd, whose mournful fate was a sad passage in the eventful history of a gallant race. "His ancestors had been in the habit of occasionally adding ab Urien to their names," Urien having been prince or king of a small district in Wales, and from whom they were descended. Young Rhys ab Gruffydd assumed it "probably in a vain frolic." The circumstance was reported to the king—Henry VIII., and taken in association with the immense possessions and unbounded popularity of the family, the act was construed into a design to assert the independence of the Principality. Some old prophecies were brought in aid, and, on charges equally frivolous and unjust, the young chieftain was arraigned for high treason, found guilty, and executed on Tower Hill. On the accession of Queen Mary his son, Gruffydd ab Rhys, was restored in blood, and received back part of the estates, another part being given to the family by Charles I. Many a fell swoop had, however, been made upon them meanwhile, and we believe the present peer enjoys but a comparatively small portion of the vast tracts of country over which his forefathers ruled. "The castle" is now but a shell—"the chapel" only a few broken walls; yet nature is as free and generous as she was a thousand years ago, and the scenery within the park, and the views from any of the heights, may be classed among the grandest and most beautiful to be found in Great Britain.

The visitor will find in the vicinity of Llandeilo many other objects of interest. About ten miles to the north lies the secluded village of Tully, with its lakes, and the majestic remains of its once magnificent abbey. The little village church affords a striking contrast with the huge proportions of its former grand cathedral, which was in its glory about six hundred years ago, and is supposed to have been established by Prince Rhys ab Gruffydd, of Dynevor. And to the north-east is situated Ban Sir Gaer, or the Carmarthen-shire Beacon, at the east and west bases of which are the two beautiful lakes said to have been the favourite haunt of that fair lady who imparted the knowledge of the medicinal virtues of plants to the celebrated Meddygon Myddfai, physicians to Rhys Grug, Prince of South Wales, who bestowed land and privileges upon them, that they might without interruption attend to the study of their profession.

We must hasten on. Yon castle (we see it plainly from the coach-top), which rises so proudly above the rapid Towy, is DRYSLWYN CASTLE. It is a ruin now, but was a strong place in old times, commanding the ford, itself secure from all assailants, and continuing to shelter, down to a comparatively late period, the lords of Dynevor.

But there is an object right before us to which a wider renown has been given—a hill the name of which is known wherever the English language is read; for who is entirely a stranger to the pleasant poem that recites the praises of "GRONGAR HILL," and who has not offered a meed of grateful thanks to the muse of the poet, John Dyer? We are within ken of his birthplace, Aberglasney, and the great theme of his love and life—the hill—is within sight all the way for miles as we draw onward to Carmarthen.† Easy will

it be to picture the calm and gentle poet—not amid the bustle of the Metropolis, where he was as much out of place as a daisy in a conservatory; but, as he himself so sweetly says:—

"So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill."

We may linger with him awhile amid the beauties of his native vale, and visit with him the ruin we have pictured—said to be the remains of an old chapel, but popularly known as Bishop



CWM GWILL.

RUDD'S BATH, perhaps so used by the venerable Bishop of St. David's, 1593, who was born in this parish, and was here buried—in the little church at Llangathen, where there is a monument to him and to his wife.*

Grongar Hill has derived from nature nothing to distinguish it from other hills,—its fame is entirely the gift of the poet. Neither is the Towy broader, more rapid, or more beautiful than other rivers; but it derives an inexpressible charm, not only from its green slopes, rich foliage,



HILL AT CWM GWILL.

ascending banks, and overlooking mountains, but from the absence of smoke and factories, which so terribly mar the landscape and impair the picturesque elsewhere in South Wales.†

others, a curious terraced walk, raised on arches high above the level of the gardens and fish-ponds, and a singular avenue of old yew-trees, whose stems and branches have interlaced so densely, as to form a long tunnel with living walls.

* Bishop Rudd's Bath certainly never was a chapel, its original construction specially adapting it for bathing use, a dressing-room, with fireplace, opening on to a bricked tank that occupies the rest of the interior. † The Towy rises from an immense bog in a wild and desolate region upon the mountains that separate Cardiganshire from Brecknockshire. During its early course it receives the waters of "innumerable rills and brooks, descending from the clefts of the hills on either side;" these hills gradually draw closer, and the river, having gathered strength, dashes onward amid rocks, producing many falls of magnitude and beauty, until, after rushing with impetuous fury round the base of a conical hill—Cerrig Tywl—it receives

* "The king owns the island, excepting what pertains to Sir Rhys."
† Aberglasney, the birthplace of Dyer, now the seat of J. Walters Phillips, Esq., has been greatly enlarged since Dyer's time. The foot of Grongar Hill abuts on the pleasure gardens of Aberglasney; these gardens contain some interesting features, which must have been in existence prior to and during the poet's residence there. Among

At Abergwili, the place of note we next reach, driving along the banks, or at all events within sight, of the Towy, is the residence of the diocesan, and the only habitable Palace now appertaining to the See of St. David's—"the only one of the seven that formerly belonged to the bishop." About 1020, a desperate battle was fought here between a Prince of Wales and a Scottish pretender to the throne, when, after a desperate fight, Llewelyn, the Welsh prince, proved victorious. The palace is now a comparatively modern dwelling, although erected on the site of a very old building. The river Gwili here forms a junction with the Towy, both together making their way into Carmarthen Bay. The artist, Mr. Coleman, has pictured two points on this beautiful river—the one is a close dell, between lichen covered rocks, through which the stream runs rapidly; the other a fall of water beside a picturesque old mill. An excursion up the Gwili may be a leading attraction of this tour: we are, however, unable to do more than suggest it as fertile of recompense to the tourist. In this neighbourhood there is good fishing, the Towy and Cothi rivers being rigidly preserved by the "Vale of Towy Fishing Club." The Towy is one of the most open rivers in the kingdom, and can be angled with but little or no obstructions from its source to the sea; its salmon and sewin are far famed. To this charming locality, therefore, we direct the special attention of the "gentle craft."

We must ask the reader to return with us to LLANELLY, in order to rejoin the railway; for, although we have been within a "stone's-throw" of Carmarthen, we prefer to take this interesting town *en route* to Milford Haven. Llanelli is a town of coal foundries and smoke, thriving, however, though the sources of its wealth be unpicturesque: its railroads, the river, and the bay, make it rich; and in the vicinity, at all events, is fine and beautiful scenery, some of which we have described. Here it was we first became acquainted with a very curious Welsh custom, the Ceffyl Pren, which has been explained to us as Welsh lynch law, and is resorted to when a man is supposed to be unfaithful to her he has promised to cherish, or a woman to have broken her marriage covenant. There are two kinds. When the guilty parties are a married man and an unmarried woman, their neighbours generally content themselves with disseminating aspersions on their character, or with forming effigies intended to represent the erring pair. These they carry about, preceded by flambeaux, and accompanied by men with horns, brass pans, and whatever else is capable of adding to the noise. When tired they return, set fire to the effigies before the houses of the originals, and disperse. This is the milder form: there is another. When the offence is of an aggravated nature—when the persons concerned happen to be a man who has children and a married woman—there is a different method adopted. Not content with showing their indignation in a harmless way, the greater portion of the community go in a body to the man's house, and summon him forth. If he has not already escaped, there is no chance now. His house is surrounded, and if he will not surrender voluntarily, they seize him by force. They then visit the erring lady. Having succeeded in capturing her, they place both on ladders, and then, amid shouts and execrations, the luckless captives are carried for miles about the country, and exhibited at every farmhouse in the route.

PEMBREY, the next station, somewhat resembles Llanelli, but it is younger and exhibits the appearance of greater youth. The tall chimney rising from a factory evidently new denotes the "Works" of Messrs. Elkington. Here they smelt the copper of which so many thousand tons are sent to Birmingham, to be converted into the beautiful Art-productions that have given them renown all the world over. Pembrey is an ancient village, and the view from Mynydd Pembrey—Pembrey Mountain—is very fine, embracing Tenby and the islands of Caldy and Lundy. There are two shipping ports, called the Old and New Harbours: the latter has the advantage of a dry dock, upon which large sums of money have been expended by a chartered company, called the Burry Port Company. Burry Port possesses several feet depth of water in excess of Swansea Harbour. The extensive works by Messrs. Elkington have completely changed the immediate neighbourhood from an almost uninhabited waste to a thriving town and district. We passed them once at night. The reader may imagine what must be the result of a quantity of coal, exceeding one hundred tons daily, in a constant state of combustion, acting upon a like quantity of copper ores in the several stages of progress! About four hundred men and boys are employed at these works and the collieries connected with them. The works at Pembrey, although not the most extensive, are generally admitted to be the best arranged and most convenient

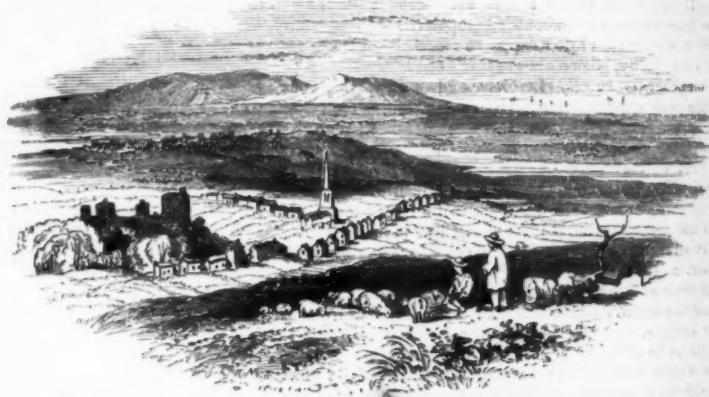
the Dethia into its embraces; there its rage becomes suddenly appeased, and it glides silently on under rocky and wooded banks to fertilize a rich valley, and to refresh the town of Llandovery. Continuing its course, alternately calm and fierce, under huge precipices, beneath ancient ruins, among wooded heights and fertile pasture land, it reaches the vale of Llandovery Vawr: thence we are following its course until it meets the sea, which it joins in Carmarthen Bay.

in South Wales. They are more roomy, and the furnace-houses much loftier, and better ventilated, than in the older works. Many of the furnaces, thirty-four in number, have a melting area of one hundred and sixty square feet, and the whole communicate with the stack,



KIDWELLY VILLAGE.

which rises three hundred feet above the level of the sea, close to which it stands. Its base is sixty feet square, thirty-four feet at the ground level, and the opening nine feet square. Its construction consumed a million and a half of bricks. Any details of the processes employed



KIDWELLY, DISTANT VIEW.

would be superfluous here, as they may be studied in a much more detailed form than we could devote to them in the various metallurgical works.

KIDWELLY is soon reached: it is a small town, and, to the railway traveller, forms a very



KIDWELLY CASTLE.

pleasant and picturesque object, situated, as it is, on the banks of the Gwendraeth-fach (Little White Strath), bordering the hill country, and divided from the sea only "by a morass, a quarter of a mile in length." It possesses a very fine old church and castle, both looking much worn

and weather-beaten. The church, which was probably erected about the end of the reign of Edward II., or early in that of Edward III., consists of a nave of the "extraordinary span of thirty-three feet in the clear, without aisles, small north and south transepts, and an ample chancel, forming altogether a simple and uniform cross. The lower stands at the north-west angle of the nave forming a north porch."*

It is Kidwelly Castle, however, that will arrest and fix the attention of the tourist, tempting him to leave the train and visit one of the largest and grandest of all the Norman remains in the Principality. Mr. Coleman gives of it three views, one near, the others distant; but the venerable relic has ample to interest and employ the artist, in its towers, its keep, its courts, its ramparts, and the "moated steep" on which it still proudly stands.† The town is of Welsh origin and of high antiquity. The castle is supposed to have been founded by William de Londres, who, in 1091, assisted Fitzhamon in the conquest of Glamorgan. It was, however, often burnt to the ground, and as often restored, during the fierce wars of the Normans with the Britons of Wales, down to the comparatively late period of Henry VIII., when, on the infamous attainder of Gruffydd ap Rhys, it reverted to the crown; and was purchased, A. D. 1630, by the Earl of Carberry, Lord President of Wales, from whom it has descended to the Earl of Cawdor, its present owner and the lord of the lordship of Kidwelly.

The road runs under steep hills to the right, and on the left is the Bay of Carmarthen, bordered by marsh land and meadows, from which the sea is kept out by natural sand-banks. Five miles more, and the train stops at the pretty



FERN CAVE.

station and village of Ferryside, with its old church and new schoolrooms. Here, too, is a life-boat station—a necessary adjunct to the dangerous sand-banks that form Carmarthen bar. The village is pleasantly situated at the mouth of the Carmarthen river; and on the opposite side—to visit which we cross the ferry—is the singularly situated Castle of LLANSTEPHAN. It is happily placed on the summit of a huge cliff, which overhangs the Bay of Carmarthen; and almost under its outer walls the Towy joins the sea. It is thus a peculiarly picturesque object, as seen at the extreme end of a peninsula on the opposite side of the stream. Like its aged sister, Kidwelly, it was one of the fortresses of the Normans, fighting to retain their precarious footing in South Wales; always the enemies, generally the rulers, and sometimes the victims of the brave men who were never absolutely and permanently subdued. It is, indeed, a rare old place for study and for thought: easy will it be for imagination to re-people those broken walls—the busy throng of men-at-arms within and without, keeping perpetual watch and ward against a foe in whom cunning frequently supplied the place of strength, and depending upon discipline for that power which was in the stead of numbers. Of this interesting castle, also, Mr. Coleman presents two views, the one near, the other distant; and we recommend artists who are bent on a summer tour in search of the picturesque to resort to this full volume, of

* George Gilbert Scott, in *Arch. Camb.*

† The fine old ruin has received full justice at the hands of George T. Clark, Esq., both historically and pictorially, vide "A Description and History of the Castles of Kidwelly and Caerphilly, and of Castell Coch," Mason, Tenby. The work, unfortunately, gives us no insight into the romance of their history.

which every page, so to speak, supplies subject for a picture: it will add much to his enjoyment to visit any of the fern caves, with which the neighbourhood abounds, and of which the artist has copied one, as an example of the many to be found in the district.

The ruins of old castles are, as we have made our readers aware, very numerous throughout the Principality; they are generally of prodigious extent, containing evidence that provision was always made within, not only for the immediate army, but for the retainers and followers of the Norman chieftains by whom they were erected—an arrangement rendered necessary by the perpetual warfare in which they were engaged with their restless, watchful, and brave enemies, the Welsh. The lands wrested from the princes of Wales were generally the fruits of conquest; but in many cases they were the results of unequivocal robbery; and force was at all times needed to retain what fraud had acquired. Little mercy was, therefore, manifested on either side; there was seldom any safety for the invaders except within stone walls; and then only by



LLANSTEPHAN CASTLE, CARMARTHEN.

being continually on the watch for the assaults of adversaries, who were ever ready to "pounce" upon them at any unguarded moment. Thus, from necessity, the castles of Wales are strong in position, and of such size as to furnish some grounds for the sarcastic remark of Johnson—that the courtyard of a castle in Wales is capable of containing all the castles in Scotland. But it is not on account of their great size that these structures are chiefly interesting. Crumbling into decay, they form pictures of surpassing grandeur, and are, for the traveller of to-day, visible representatives of mediæval times, and of a phase of human existence never, we hope, to return. As he contemplates these ruins, he is reminded of a state of things long since past. Looking back in imagination, the visitor will recall that day when the baron was lord paramount over his domain; when war and rapine desolated the land; when might was right; and when to be poor



LLANSTEPHAN CASTLE.

was to be oppressed. He will, however, at the same time, remember with joy, that since these castles were in their strength new interests and new circumstances have arisen; developing new feelings and producing vast changes in the constitution of society; and he will see cause to be thankful that feudal privileges have given way to equal and universal law, and feudal subservience to civil equality; that religion has become more pure, and men's consciences are no longer fettered by the bonds of authority; that knowledge has been everywhere disseminated over the land; in a word, that the darkness which characterized the period when these fortresses were the home of "barons bold and ladies fair," has been succeeded by the light and happiness of the times in which we live.

THE AMOOR COUNTRY.*

FAR away in the easternmost part of Asia is a vast region that lies between Siberia and Chinese Proper in one direction, and between the Sea of Japan, the Caspian Sea, Persia, and Afghanistan on the other; a reference to the note below will afford some index to the names of the numerous tribes, or peoples—to adopt a term now in general use—which inhabit this wide-spread and almost unknown tract of country, over which the foot of the European rarely treads as a wayfaring traveller; for it is not only too remote, but too inaccessible, and too fraught with danger, to tempt any but the most hardy, enterprising, and venturesome to face the difficulties attendant upon such a journey. One traveller, an Englishman, moreover,—though this is no matter of surprise, inasmuch as our countrymen possess the almost peculiar characteristic of penetrating into every region, known and unknown,—has explored it, and now publishes the record of his journey in as interesting a book of travels as ever came under our notice: its equal we found in the "Oriental and Western Siberia," noticed in our columns a year or two ago.

The object of the author, Mr. Atkinson, in publishing this second volume will be best explained by what he himself says in the opening chapter—"Intelligence has reached England from time to time, for the last ten or a dozen years, of Russian acquisitions in Central Asia, stretching out far towards the Himalayas; and, in 1857, of that vast tract of country, the valley of the Amoor, said to have been ceded by the Emperor of China to the Emperor of Russia. Letters and paragraphs on the subject have appeared in the public prints, some of them having an apparent air of truth from the details set forth; but they had evidently been written without a proper knowledge of the country, and had no foundation in fact. Up to the latest advices no modern geographer has published any reliable description of these regions; and no recent traveller, it was believed, had penetrated its alleged interminable steppes and Cyclopean mountain chains. In short, it was regarded as a *terra incognita* quite as much by the scientific as by less learned readers.

"As I had passed several years exploring this remote portion of the globe, and was the only European who had been permitted to enter the new Russian territory, it suggested itself to me that a detail of my wanderings in these enormous tracts of mountain, valley, and plain, which Russia has added to her empire and colonized with a warlike race, might be considered of some interest to my countrymen. . . . The importance of such an increase of power to a state previously one of the most considerable of the European monarchies, cannot be understood without knowing the sources of material prosperity which exist within these new provinces. Mineral wealth of incalculable amount, and agricultural produce in prodigious abundance, form but two items in their resources. The various tribes that inhabit distinct portions will also be found to claim attentive consideration."

As in the former volume, so also in this, the record of Mr. Atkinson's journey forms a narrative of the highest interest, looking at it merely as a book of travel, independent of the information it affords on the increasing power of a gigantic empire in close proximity to our own Eastern possessions; which power may at some future time be found dangerous to our political relations. Mr. Atkinson has not lost sight of such a probability, for he goes on to remark, "I am far from being an alarmist, and, with the opportunity I have enjoyed of knowing the state of feeling in Russian society, I ought to be the last person to suggest apprehension of evil from the accumulation of the elements of a predominating influence in the hands of an absolute sovereign; but the English statesman will not, I am sure, shut his eyes to the fact, that Russian territory has now very nearly approached the possessions of Great Britain in India, and, whatever my opinions may be, he may not un-

* TRAVELS IN THE REGIONS OF THE UPPER AND LOWER AMOOR, and the Russian Acquisitions on the Confines of India and China. With Adventures among the Mountain Kirghis, and the Manjours, Manyars, Tongouzs, Tonzonts, Goldis, and Gelyaks: the Hunting and Pastoral Tribes. By T. W. ATKINSON, F.R.G.S., F.G.S., Author of "Oriental and Western Siberia." With a Map and numerous Illustrations. Published by Hurst and Blackett.

reasonably expect that a government which advances in the East at this rate of progress, may desire,



KIRGHIS HORSES HARNESSSED TO A TARANTAS.

sooner or later, to expand her territorial limits to the southward. To him the contingency may seem inevitable, of a further stride across the Himalays to Calcutta," &c., &c.



NATURAL ARCHES OF GRANITE ROCKS.

It must not be assumed from the foregoing remarks that the pages of this volume are devoted, even in a small degree, to the political aspect of the country Mr. Atkinson writes about; the observa-

tions stand by themselves, and are introduced merely to show that England has an important interest in the subject. That of the general reader will be found in his vivid descriptions of natural scenery, of his stirring adventures, of the personages to whom we

are introduced, the manners and customs of the strange but not uncivilized tribes among whom he sojourns, and in the stories interwoven with the other portions of his narrative. The investigator of natural sciences will also find here much in harmony



MANGOON CHILDREN.

with his pursuits, whether his pursuit be that of a botanist, a geologist, an ethnologist, or any other. The author is of opinion that the ground, or, at least, much of it, which he has explored, presents a field of almost incalculable extent for enlarged

commercial operations, where enterprise, skill, and industry are sure to find a profitable investment. Hence the volume before us has a practical character, that must render it attractive to numerous classes of readers.



GORGE OF THE AC-ZOU.

Mr. Atkinson is an artist of no ordinary talent; many of our readers will, doubtless, remember seeing at Messrs. Colnaghi's, two or three years ago, a numerous and exceedingly well-executed collection of oil pictures, drawings, and sketches taken by him in

the countries through which he had travelled. This volume, like its predecessor, is filled with wood engravings copied from his works; the publishers, Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, have allowed us the use of some, to serve as "specimens."

THE LUTHER MONUMENT.

In the September number we introduced an engraving of the general character of this truly grand composition, by Rietschel: a correspondent at Munich has kindly forwarded to us one of the figure of Luther. The statue is of colossal size, and we do not remember ever to have beheld any single figure that we found so impressive and imposing. It imposes by its simplicity, and by the firm will, the power and indomitable energy and resolution which characterize the whole form, from head to foot, and which are plainly seen to dwell in and animate every limb. Luther stands forward as firm as a rock: his head is boldly uplifted, ready to confront every adversary. On his left arm lies a folio Bible, and on the cover of the book rests the firmly clasped right hand, which he has brought down on the volume with a weight and an energy which make us feel that we might as well attempt to move it as to shake a mountain of the Alps. The hand is not merely clasped with ordinary strength, but a mighty energy animates that arm, which shows



itself even through the folds of his tunic in the rigid straight line of the limb out-stretched with all muscular strength. The expression extends itself to, and shows itself even in, the shoulder; and when we gaze on that strong sturdy form, we understand that just such a man was required to fight, without shrinking, the tremendous battle that he girded himself to undertake. This figure of Rietschel's is a perfect impersonation of the words—"Here I stand: I cannot do otherwise. May God help me, Amen;" to which might be added, "And God alone shall shake me down." The folds of the sleeves are admirably managed,—those of the left arm modifying, and thus softening, the more rigid outlines of the right arm, without, however, detracting in any way from the simplicity of the whole.

The medallion portraits which appear on the pedestal, are full of expression, and a large collection of similar works, representing the most eminent artists and scientific men of the time, may be seen in the atelier of the sculptor in Dresden. Here, too, is a very fine figure of Giotto.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

FROM THE GROUP BY J. DURHAM.

THE limits within which sculpture of every kind, and especially of ideal works, is from its very nature necessarily restricted, must often render the choice of a fitting subject no easy task to the modern artist, desirous of avoiding the long catalogue of heathen divinities and fabulous heroes and heroines of antiquity. The graces, moreover, and the moral virtues have been so frequently personified in polished marble, that all hope of finding any novelty in such matters has long since passed away. One has only to glance at the sculpture-room in the Academy each year it is opened, to see the narrow range to which the art is confined; more because artists are unwilling to travel out of the beaten path, than that a wider field is not legitimately placed before them. As with painting so also with sculpture, though in a much modified degree, the pages of literature—of the historian, the novelist, and the poet—offer an ample supply to whomsoever will take the trouble to search for what is required. Beauty and symmetry of form and character are as well understood now as they were two thousand years ago; the province of the sculptor is to represent these qualities under the various aspects associated with the subject he selects.

All minds cannot comprehend the true and the beautiful in Art, for all are not equally favoured with the light of knowledge; but the cases are rare, indeed, where Art affords no enjoyment. There is a class both of pictorial and of sculptured works which commend themselves only to the few; there is another class that interests the multitude as well as the few, because from its nature all can understand it: to this, in sculpture, belongs Mr. Durham's group of 'Paul and Virginia'; it is the parting scene, which may be told in a few brief words, and they are necessary to comprehend the sculptor's intention. Paul had been excluded from the house of Virginia's mother, Madame de la Tour, for several days; he knew not the reason, though he had certain misgivings from a few words accidentally let fall by the priest; and when, on the last evening he and the young girl ever met,—he saw her once again, but that was when she lay a lifeless corpse upon the wreck,—her new dress, as he said, confirmed his thoughts that she was about to leave him. The interview that evening was a long one: Virginia had been enjoined by her mother not to let Paul know of her intended departure; his importunity, however, was so great, that at last, turning her head aside, she said, with tears—"My confessor tells me it is God's will that I should go—for your sake, Paul, as well as mine." Paul, still holding her in his arms, replied, "But can you go, and leave me here? Why, I could die for you; we have had one cradle only, and one home; eat and prayed together; been nurtured upon the same kind knees: oh! where will you ever find another brother like me?"

No one can look at these two figures without at once comprehending their meaning, though the association with the characters of the charming little tale may not be so immediately recognisable: and hence the appeal they directly make to the commonest understanding. But as a work of Art, the merits of the group lie in the simple, earnest expression of the youthful pair; an expression as evident in their attitudes as in their faces. The meek, but not quite willing, resignation of the one, and the remonstrances of the other, are unequivocally pronounced: the scene is felt to be one of parting. A subject of this class more poetically yet naturally rendered we have rarely seen. It is graceful, too, in design, and perfect in the modelling of the human figure.

Whatever exception may be taken to sculptured works of this class by those who can see nothing worthy of admiration which is not derived from the antique, they are yet of a kind that is most popular among us. The naturalistic school, under whatever type it is exhibited, is certain to find favour where the ideal makes no impression, unless it is closely allied with the former.

This group was exhibited at the Royal Academy last year: it attracted, as it well deserved to do, marked attention from the visitors of the sculpture-room.

FRITH'S PHOTOGRAPHS OF EGYPT AND PALESTINE,

AND THE

COLLECTION OF EGYPTIAN PRODUCTS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

WHATEVER the object they may have in view, the Directors of the Crystal Palace are always able to command that most important element of success—*ample space*. Unlike the British Museum, there is abundance of room at the Crystal Palace. Beneath those ample vaults of glass it is quite possible both to display a collection of objects of interest to the greatest advantage, and to classify the contents of any collection; and also to group together such collections as will mutually enhance the value and interest of each other through the influence of association. The Directors have exercised a sound discretion in keeping certain portions of the Palace in reserve, and in readiness to become available for service as occasion might require them. By this means the Crystal Palace will gradually develop its most important qualities, and will attain by degrees to the condition of being the grand practical Science and Trade Museum of England.

Our attention has been directed to one particular collection, which has recently made its appearance in the Crystal Palace, and which exemplifies in a peculiarly happy manner the system of illustrative teaching, that combines the most thoroughly practical utility with the greatest attractiveness. This collection consists of specimens of the natural products and of the manufactures of Egypt; and it occupies a position in the tropical compartment of the building at its extreme end. The association which connects this collection with the Egyptian Courts and the Colossi and the Sphinxes is sufficiently obvious; and it is truly satisfactory to pass from the specimens in the glass cases to the Karnac and Abu-Simbel models. But the observant visitor finds that there is provided for him a third source of admiring gratification. Both the models of the grand relics of ancient Egyptian splendour, and the specimens of what the Egypt of this day produces and the Egyptians of this day execute, are greatly indebted to the unique powers of their valuable confederate, the photograph, for realizing their full effect upon the mind. There has for some time been a very interesting series of Egyptian photographs in the gallery adjoining the Egyptian Courts: these earlier examples of sun-illustrations, however, must now yield altogether to the admirable collection that Mr. Frith has very recently brought from the Valley of the Nile, and which may be seen to the greatest possible advantage at the Crystal Palace, in direct association with the cabinet containing the manufactures and natural products of Egypt. Mr. Frith's photographs, which comprehend the Holy Land as well as Egypt, are indeed too numerous to admit of their being all displayed in the immediate neighbourhood of the collections of Egyptian products. Some choice and eminently characteristic specimens hang there, inviting attention; and, as he stands before them, the visitor learns where the rest of the series may be found. This is a necessity even of the Crystal Palace—that it should be constrained to direct visitors to those collections, which admit of being fully displayed only in the galleries. It is enough that such specimens as will not fail both to attract attention and to excite curiosity should be sure to meet the gaze of the visitor, as he roams over the broad expanse of the central avenue, or advances from court to court. If he appreciates the specimens, he will certainly follow their guidance to their companions.

Of the merit of Mr. Frith's photographic views we have already expressed our opinion. But their association at the Crystal Palace with other Egyptian illustrations, widely differing from themselves in character and yet most characteristic of Egypt, has led us to form a still higher estimate of the photographs; while they, in their turn, add powerfully to the effectiveness of the collection of Egyptian products. The great Egypt of antiquity, and the existing Egypt of our own times with its wonderful capacity for greatness, thus are brought together, and they appear side by side, under a palpable and visible image. And this is the peculiar value of the Crystal Palace Egyptian collections—

that they possess a present importance, while they reproduce what has long passed away into the domain of history. If these collections enable us to form vivid pictures of the greatest country of the ancient world, they at the same time lead us to the conviction that the same country still continues to be as great as ever in its natural resources. The next step in the train of thought thus excited leads to the inevitable consideration of the means which might once more develop these resources, and once more render Egypt one of the grand store and treasure-houses of the world. The mineral riches of Egypt are great and various; and all this natural wealth awaits the researches of modern enterprise in the districts that lie in the immediate proximity of the Nile—the magnificent highway, that not only traverses Egypt itself, but leads far away into those central regions of Africa which abound in all the varieties of the precious productions peculiar to the tropics. In one article of produce and manufacture alone, Egypt might with ease attain to a position of eminent mercantile importance. The cotton-plant flourishes in the land of the Pharaohs; and it has been estimated that the Nile basin alone would be able to compete in the produce of cotton with the New World, both in quality and quantity; and, while providing advantageous occupation for the native population, would supply every country of Europe with the raw material for their manufactures in ample abundance. From its geographical position, the Delta of the Nile is naturally the grand focus of intercommunication between the nations of the West and of the East, by means of the steam navigation of the Mediterranean and the Red sea, and by lines of railway that may radiate in almost every direction from the central point of Cairo. It has been judiciously remarked with reference to this extraordinary spot, that few countries possess the same degree of salubrity, equability, and constancy of climate, or the same fertility of soil; and that in few the population is so docile, naturally so laborious, and so capable of intellectual improvement. And here, around architectural ruins that yet demonstrate the existence of an advanced civilization and a high refinement at a remote period, the common arts of the every-day life of the people bear witness at once to a lamentable condition of present depression, and to a descent from far better and more prosperous times.

The implements, the textile, ceramic, and other manufactures, with the varieties of natural productions, which may be seen in the glass cases that have been filled by Hekekyan Bey of Cairo, and are under the judicious care of Dr. Price at the Crystal Palace, all speak with one voice of a country capable of being raised from a very low to a very exalted condition, and of a people who are qualified to regain their ancient rank. Simple and rude as these Egyptian products may be, they retain the impress of their ancestral grandeur. Many of the articles in habitual use amongst the modern Egyptians remain identical with those that were known long centuries ago. The plough, and most of the existing agricultural and domestic instruments and vessels, are similar to those depicted in the oldest tombs. The modern *rahayah*, or hand-mill, is probably the same as that which was used in the tent of Abraham and Sarah; the glass lamps are precisely those described by Herodotus; and the timbrel of Miriam has its form and character preserved in the *tef* of the present day. It is the same with many ornaments and trinkets, and with the toys of the children—there is something of traditional reminiscence that lingers about them all, as if for the very purpose of directing the attention of every succeeding generation to the histories of Egyptian grandeur that are chisel-written at Thebes, and leading the people of Egypt to another civilization and a new prosperity that may rise far above those of the Pharaohs.

The Crystal Palace collection of Egyptian produce is productive of but comparatively trifling results, so long as it is regarded merely as an assemblage of interesting curiosities. Its true value consists in the powerful appeal which it makes in behalf of this glorious Egypt—an appeal to the civilized world to take a part in the resuscitation of Egyptian civilization. And the appeal made in this behalf by the productions of the soil and the population of Egypt, is powerfully supported by the visible evidence submitted to the thoughtful visitor by the photographs of Egyptian antiquities and of Egypt itself.



PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. BAKER. FROM THE GROUP BY J. DURHAM.

LONDON JAMES S. VIRTUE.



Nor is the impressive influence of the Egyptian photographs diminished by their association with the kindred series, that illustrates in so felicitous a manner the peninsula of Sinai and the land of ancient Israel. A common sentiment pervades the whole collection. We long to see another glass case specially devoted to the relics of Palestine and to specimens of its present productions. And then there would want but one thing to complete this department of the Crystal Palace—and that is, a living and speaking exponent of the whole collection, who would verbally explain what had been brought together with so much care and labour, and would give life and animation to the whole. Surely, now that they have so resolutely taken in hand the work of making the Crystal Palace of some real and practical value as a public teacher, the Directors will speedily inaugurate a system of public explanation and description of their collections and courts, which shall constitute an integral component of their administration of their magnificent establishment.

THE "CRITIC," AND THE FRESCOES IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

In a recent Number of the *Critic* we are roundly accused of culling "early" Art-information from its columns. "Six weeks ago," says the writer, "the *Art-Journal* could only endorse and amplify our account (without acknowledgment), but with characteristic amiability tried 'to make things pleasant.' 'The walls are at fault, not English fresco practice; the atmosphere, the heating apparatus, &c., anything rather than the artists.' And of all this and more 'the *Art-Journal* corroborated our report.' 'If the press (that is the *Critic*) had not stepped in, the public would it appears never have heard of the catastrophe at all. One word to certain of our contemporaries, now happy enough to quote the *Athenæum*.' (The *Athenæum* is accused of following the *Art-Journal* in its petty larceny from the *Critic*.) 'Would they not have been a little more usefully employed in helping us to spread the facts of the case four months ago while parliament was still sitting, and sundry thousands for more frescoes by Messrs. Herbert and Cope were unaverted?' We respect our contemporary too much to allow this charge of neglect of duty to remain without an answer.

And now, oh excellent *Critic*, now for the leek. "Four months ago!" forsooth; we foretold the destruction of those frescoes four years since, and two years after that, declared that nothing could save them. In 1855 the frescoes in the Poets' Hall were finished, we announced their completion in the September Number of the *Art-Journal*, and further said—"We are concerned to observe that in Watts's fresco the Spencer panel, and also in one of Armitage's works, the colour in parts does not stand."

In the December Number of 1858 we again called attention to the state of these frescoes in an article from which the following is extracted: "The experiments in the Poets' Hall are now attacked by damp, and will shortly drop from the walls. Watts's 'Redcross Knight' is much damaged, as is also Horsley's 'Satan at the Ear of Eve,' and Herbert's 'Disinheritance of Cordelia,' all are suffering more or less . . . some of the works will soon be effaced."

Again in the March Number of 1859 the subject is treated at length. We extract the following passage—"The greater number of the frescoes in the Poets' Hall may be considered as destroyed by damp, which has affected them in a way to show the great diversity of manner in which they have been executed. Some passages of the flesh, especially the shaded and lower tints, are stained and discoloured with the most unwholesome hues, and entire fields of microscopic fungi there have their cycles of seasons—perish, revive, and again die," &c.

In the November Number of the same year we wrote—"It is some months since we examined these frescoes, but on a recent inspection of them it is evident that the injury is advancing with increased rapidity. In Herbert's work the faces of Goneril and Regan are peeling off, and in others large portions of the surfaces are discoloured."

Thus do we instance four distinct notices of the decay of these works before the present year; if, therefore,

there have been any extracts made "without acknowledgment," it is on the part of the *Critic*, not on ours. We will charitably believe that the writer in the *Critic* has never seen the frescoes; he writes in happy ignorance of the subject, whether he may have seen them or not. Thus having disposed of the question of "early information," by showing the *Critic* that he is not only four months but more than four years in arrear, we have yet a few words to say on the question of damp, which he settles satisfactorily by the question, "How is it the frescoes at Munich and Berlin have not fallen into immediate ruin?" We advise him to look at the frescoes before he touches the subject again. Does he know why the last frescoes by Ward and Cope have been painted on movable slate panels, and let into the wall so as to preserve a current of air behind the panel? What has suggested this precaution? He quotes Munich and Berlin. Does he not know that the Königsbau, the Marienkirche, the Ludwigskirche, the Glyptothek, and the Pinacothek, at Munich, and the new museum at Berlin, are carefully warmed by stoves? When he sees these fading frescoes of ours, he will be, perhaps, surprised after what he has written to find that only three of the series are on inner walls, and the Poets above have very little of the warm air with which the members below comfort themselves. In winter, in the lower part of the Houses of Parliament, water trickles down some of the outer walls, and no part of them that is removed beyond the effect of a certain temperature is at all suited for delicate mural painting. Thus is the *Critic* set right; and, finally, the least profitable kind of popularity at which a journal can aim, is the notoriety derived from the monitory notices it compels from its contemporaries.

FINE ART AND STATIONERY COURT, AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

NEARLY opposite to the enclosed concert-room, and on the same side of the central avenue of the Crystal Palace with the great organ and orchestra, is a large and elegantly decorated enclosure (the work of Mr. Henry Crace), entitled, after the manner of the place, a "Court." Since last Christmas it has been in the occupation of Mr. Searle, and under his direction it has become the Fine Art and Stationery Court of the Sydenham Institution.

Mr. Searle, having ample space at his command, has brought together within his court a variety of objects, all of them, however, consistent in their individual character with the association in which they thus are placed. His object has been to concentrate a collection of decorative and useful works of a high order in such a manner, that they might be easy of access to every visitor to the Crystal Palace; and we have much pleasure in congratulating him upon his complete success. Innumerable engravings on steel, stone, and wood, photographs of every possible variety in subject and size, illustrated books, ranging from Ruskin's last volume of "Modern Painters" to the newest picture alphabet, artists' materials of every kind and for every purpose, illuminations, statuettes and busts, stereoscopes and stereographs, aquaria and their inhabitants, with all that is comprehended under that widely ranging word, "stationery," may be seen within Mr. Searle's court in the course of a few minutes; and they all are so admirably and effectively arranged, that each object retains its own distinctive character, and has its own becoming position, while they all combine to form a truly harmonious whole. Both engravings and photographs, and also illuminations, are kept in readiness in frames, as well as in portfolios or simply mounted; and we were especially impressed with the good taste exemplified in the discriminating selection of the frames, and in their consistent harmony with the works of Art that they encircle and protect. Many of these frames are in oak, without gilding, from the machinery-carving works of Messrs. Cox and Son, of Southampton Street, Strand, and are executed in the happiest manner. There are, also, other very beautiful and delicate specimens of wood-carving for inkstands, blotting-books, &c., by a foreign artist. We desire particularly to record the pleasure with which we observed the high character of the engravings and other objects that Mr. Searle has selected to place

before the visitors to his court. This remark is equally applicable to everything in the departments of Stationery and Artists' Materials, as well as to the engravings and other works of Art. All are the best of their several kinds. And as Mr. Searle promptly adds to his collections whatever may enhance their completeness, his court must be regarded as the great central depot for supplying its varied, beautiful, and eminently useful contents to the inhabitants of southern London, as well as a most important and interesting component of the Crystal Palace.

Amongst other original productions of his own, Mr. Searle has prepared two kinds of portfolios that are worthy of special attention. One of them, the "Self-supporting Portfolio," is constructed with a portable stand, which, being part of the portfolio itself, by the simplest and easiest adjustment, allows the contents to be examined with the greatest convenience and safety. The sides, when the portfolio is opened, are supported; and, when shut, the whole can be locked, folded together, and put away. Being very light it is easily moved, and does not require more space than an ordinary portfolio. The second of these useful inventions, "The Table Portfolio," is designed for the table, as its name implies, as the Self-supporting Portfolio is for the floor. By an adaption of the easel, which is in combination with this portfolio, its contents can be displayed with ease, and without any confusion or chance of injury, in such a manner, that a large company sitting round the table on which the whole is placed, can inspect them together.

We understand that Mr. Searle contemplates forming in his court an *Heraldic Department*, to be devoted expressly to the Illuminator's art, and to all the works that are both directly and indirectly associated with heraldry, a science that has again become deservedly popular. The project is a good one, and we shall be glad to see that it has been carried into effect. Would it be possible for Mr. Searle to associate with his court a complete assemblage of *Educational Materials*? If so, we submit such an idea to his thoughtful consideration.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—It is a curious coincidence that portraits of Queen Elizabeth and of her favourite, Leicester, should be simultaneously added to the collection. The portrait of the former is a miniature, by Hilliard, painted on the back of a playing card, in the selection of which—the queen of hearts—the artist shows himself, according to the gallant sentiments of his day, a sonneteer, as well as a painter. The queen wears a small frill round her neck, an ornamented gold chain is fastened on the front of her black stomacher, in the centre of which is a large jewel, fastened with a pink ribbon passing round her neck; the rest of her dress is covered with a fine black veil. The background is light blue, bearing the inscription, in gold letters, "Año Dñi 1572. E. R. Aetatis sue 38." Walpole, in his anecdotes of painters, says that Hilliard did not use ivory, but card. This miniature is not yet hung. That of Leicester is what may be called a small life-size, painted in oil, on panel; the painter is unknown. Those who have embodied their personal conception of Leicester from "Kenilworth," we counsel not to look at the portrait. The impersonation is mean, by no means such as would win favour in Elizabeth's eyes, in preference to the many handsome men who thronged her court. These had made her fastidious, inasmuch that in reference to Philip of Spain, she asked if he were personally such a man as would interest a woman's heart. Leicester's beard and moustache are here sparse and light-coloured; it is therefore difficult to believe that he could have received the sobriquet of "the Gipsy," from his complexion. The face is three-quarter, presenting the right cheek. The head is surmounted by the feathered berret of the period, falling jauntily to the left side of the head. The collar of the doublet comes close up to the cheek, where it supports a small ruff. The dress is black, with the ornamentation very minutely painted; but much of the nicety of finish is lost in the depth of the material. From the neck hangs a gold chain, to which is attached a St. George and the Dragon. In the right hand is

grasped a white wand, and on the panel is inscribed the motto, "Gloria regni salva manebit," an allusion, perhaps to the defeat of the Armada. Of James I., there has been added a portrait by Van Somer. It is dated 1602, the year before James succeeded to the crown of England, and when he was in his thirty-sixth year. We find also a portrait of Sir Robert Cecil, youngest son of Lord Burghley, and first Earl of Salisbury. The figure is presented at half length, and dressed in black. He was sickly and diminutive, but the portrait conceals personal infirmity and imperfection. He is standing, and on the table near him is a letter, superscribed, "To the Right Honorable Sir Robert Cecil, principall Secretarie, &c., &c." The portrait is on panel, and is dated 1602, when he was thirty-nine years of age.

THE KENSINGTON COLLECTIONS.—Four pictures have been lent for exhibition by Mr. James Bell, the brother of the late Mr. Jacob Bell:—"Other Hounds," by Sir Edwin Landseer, one of his recent works. It is a long picture, showing the pack swimming in chase, in one of the Scottish rivers or lakes: perhaps more sketchy than any work we have ever seen from the hands of this painter, but there is a fierce character in the dogs which must be true. Another is a Dutch subject by E. W. Cooke, a harbour mouth, with doggers left aground by the tide. The third, by Collins, is entitled "The Embarkation," wherein appears a boat at the end of a jetty, in which a lady passenger with her luggage, is about to embark for a vessel in the offing. The fourth consists of four small figures, by Frith, that have been painted for engraving. With these may be mentioned a portrait of the late Alexander Nasmyth, lent by Mrs. Nasmyth. They are distributed in the Vernon and Sheepshanks collections. The Museum has lately received some important additions from Italy, the result of a journey to that classic land by the curator, J. C. Robinson, F.S.A. Among the works, two or three of which we have briefly noticed before, are some very large sculptures in marble, architectural monuments, which the confined space allotted them in this museum scarcely allows the spectator to fully appreciate: a recessed fountain of much elaboration and beauty absolutely lies on its back on the floor! the others are crowded to the disadvantage of all in a very small room. Chief among them is the marble singing gallery from the Church of Santa Maria Novella, Florence, the work of the sculptor Baccio D'Agnolo (circa 1500); and which the authorities of that church sacrificed, in a desire to "renovate" its details,—a somewhat consolatory proof that English churchwardens may be matched even in refined and Art-loving Italy. The fountain above-named came from a house in the same city, and is believed to be that mentioned by Vasari, as designed by Sanovino, when young. The surface is entirely covered with arabesque of the most delicate design, and was cheaply secured to the collection at the price of £120. A noble chimney-piece, by Donatello; an altar-piece and tabernacle, by Ferucci, of Fiesole; four angle piers of a marble pulpit, the work of Pisano; and some fine sculptured friezes and chimney-pieces abounding in beautiful detail, comprise the works in marble. The enamelled terra-cotta of the Della Robbia family is exhibited in its full grandeur, in the circular relief obtained from the Villa Ximenes, near Florence, containing the arms of the family surrounded by a massive frame of fruit and foliage, the whole enamelled in various colours; it is eleven feet in diameter, one of the largest works of its class ever executed, and fresh as if it had not had an exposure of three hundred and fifty years to the atmosphere. The altar-piece and ciborium of the same fabric are equally admirable as examples of Lucca's enamelled terra-cottas. Of the *Cassone*, or richly-carved and painted coffers which once decorated the Italian palazzi, we have eight noble specimens, and a few other articles of much interest. The museum is also now enriched by some very important and valuable loans. Mr. Magniac has exhibited his curious collection of early portraits, his wonderful ivories and enamels, and a piece of armour of singular elaboration and beauty; Mr. Barker has sent his fine majolica, glass, and enamels, for the same public good; Mr. Morland some fine early German plate and ceramics; Mr. Fortnum, antique and mediæval bronzes; and Sir Francis Scott, a small collection of enamels. The Duke of Devonshire's gems and the Earl of Salisbury's Art-

works are still on view, and combine to form an unique exhibition which all may profit by visiting, and which we think could be brought together in no other place.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—Workmen are now busily employed in the alterations determined upon in this edifice, from the designs of Captain Fowkes. The large entrance hall, separating the galleries occupied by the National Collection and the Royal Academy, is unroofed, and a considerable portion of the back walls is demolished. It is expected the alterations will not be completed for several weeks.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—Subscriptions towards the purchase of the house in Queen Square, to which this school has recently migrated, continue to come in, but not so rapidly as its friends desire. In addition to those of the city guilds already announced, the court of the Merchant Taylors' Company has, we learn, just voted the sum of twenty guineas, and that of the Salters', the sum of ten pounds.

THE FRIDAY EVENING SKETCHING MEETINGS, at Langham Chambers, commenced for the season on the 12th of October, and will be continued until about the end of April.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—The first award of silver medals made by this society has been adjudged as follows:—For Historical Painting, to Mr. S. Solomon, for his picture of "Moses," in the Royal Academy; for Landscape, to Mr. Vicat Cole, for his "Harvest-Time," in the Suffolk Street Gallery; for Genre Painting, to Mr. H. Tidey, for his "Queen Mab," in the New Water Colour Exhibition; for Sculpture, to Mr. J. Durham, for his statue of "Chastity," in the Royal Academy, and engraved in the *Art-Journal*; for Architecture, to Mr. T. J. Nicholl, for his design for the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Cork; and for Poetry, to Miss Power, for her poem entitled "Virginia's Hand." The principle on which the prizes were adjudicated is stated in the resolution adopted by the committee at the commencement of its labours, wherein it is declared, "that in the award of prizes it is not necessarily intended to assume to determine the best works of the season in the various branches of Art, the committee having the power, with a view of encouraging young and rising talent, to recommend the award of prizes for works of great merit, irrespective of their relative merit compared with others, accompanying the award in all cases by a testimonial, specifying the grounds upon which it is made." This society appears to be assuming the place long occupied by the institution known as the Society of Arts (!) in the Adelphi, which, for many years past, so far as we recollect, has almost, if not entirely, ignored the practice of awarding prizes for works of Art, strictly so entitled, contenting itself now with fostering the progress of science and inventions, which also come within the limits of its legitimate operations. Why that which had been found so advantageous and so encouraging to young artists, —many of whom, stimulated, doubtless, by their success as prize-winners, rose to high distinction in their respective professions,—has been allowed to fall into abeyance, we cannot tell; last year we made some remarks on the fact, but have not heard of any results arising from our comments. We wonder some member of the society, interested in Art, does not bring the matter before the council.

LIVERPOOL SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS.—The council of this institution has selected Mr. Solomon's picture of "Drown'd! Drown'd!" as that entitled to the premium of £100. The subscribers gave an equal number of votes for this painting and Mr. Cross's "Death of Thomas à Becket," but the council, acting as arbitrator, decided in favour of the former. Other works which obtained the suffrages of subscribers were—"The Volunteer," by Mr. O'Neil; "Caractacus leaving Britain a Prisoner," by Mr. Norbury; "A Norwegian Fiord," by Herr Leu; "View of Malaga," M. Bossuet; "The Man of Sorrows," Herr Jacob; and "Caernarvon Castle," by J. B. Payne.

THE GREAT WATERLOO MEDAL.—At length the public will be afforded the opportunity of seeing, and of acquiring, if they so please, this fine example of numismatic art, by the late Mr. Pistrucchi, of which a full description appeared in our columns in the year 1849. Hitherto no attempt has been made to reproduce it, in consequence of the great difficulty of hardening dies of such large dimensions and heavy

weight, the medal measuring five and a-half inches in diameter, and each die weighs twenty pounds. The Lords of the Treasury have now given permission to Mr. Johnson to use the matrices for the purpose of multiplying the medal by the electro process. Our advertisement sheet explains the conditions under which the medal will be published. The possession of this beautiful work of Art cannot fail to be coveted by many.

SUBURBAN MUSEUMS OF ART.—Among the projects entertained for establishing Art-museums in the suburbs of the metropolis, is one for forming such an institution in the north-eastern district; and an appeal is now being made to the inhabitants of that locality for assistance in the work. It is proposed to erect in a suitable situation a building that shall comprise class-rooms for drawing, painting, and modelling, and which also shall include a museum and a picture-gallery: for this purpose a sum of between £4,000 and £5,000 will be required. The scheme, if carried out, will undoubtedly be of great benefit to the very large class of persons engaged in various branches of Art-manufactures resident in this populous neighbourhood, and who are so far removed from the national collections at South Kensington as to be unable, except at great inconvenience, to visit that museum. It is intended to incorporate with it the Finsbury School of Art, and to give to the institution the title of "The North London Gallery, Museum, and School of Art, in connection with the South Kensington Museum." When the scheme is sufficiently advanced, application will be made to Government for assistance.

THE STEREOGRAMA AT CREMORNE.—This is a combination of scenic effect, pictorial beauty, and dexterity, which has seldom or never been surpassed by any of the previously tried means of producing combined effects. But apart from the stereoscopic aspect which is produced by the modelling, the several scenes are magnificently painted, and challenge comparison with the highest efforts of the best living landscape-painters in any walk of that sublime art. Many startling effects can be produced by mechanical ingenuity, while the real waterfall, and the smoking chimneys, and the revolving waterwheels, and the other stereoscopic objects, still or in motion, will no doubt charm the simple, and make the uninitiated wonder; and the success with which these have been managed is not to be gainsaid. Yet it is to the pictorial treatment of the plain surfaces that the attention of the Art-loving public will be chiefly attracted, and on these the most highly-educated artistic minds may dwell long, and the longer with ever-increasing appreciation of the scenes. The clear, aerial depth of the middle distance, and those subdued receding mountains, illumined by gleams of gloriously painted sunshine, with the largeness of style in which these parts are treated, are really wonderful, and add new laurels to Mr. Telbin's fame.

JOHN MARTIN'S three large pictures, "The Last Judgment," "The Great Day of Wrath," and "The Plains of Heaven," the latest works of this artist, are now being exhibited at Mr. Mabley's, in the Strand. With a full appreciation of Martin's genius as a poetical painter of great originality,—a quality which is undoubtedly manifest in these works,—we must yet admit they please us far less than any other of his productions. The subjects are distasteful, because the mind of man can form no adequate idea of the realities, and they are placed on the canvas in a manner by no means calculated to reconcile us to the attempt at illustrating what is far beyond human conception. Themes awful and sublime in themselves are treated as if they were some theatrical pageant or melodramatic representations. Martin might follow Milton into the garden of Eden, or even the fancied regions of Pandemonium; he might introduce us into the festal hall of Babylon, to the beleaguered city of Nineveh, and to the great sacrificial hill outside of Jerusalem: we can stand with him and contemplate calmly such scenes as these, but in "The Last Judgment" and its companions, notwithstanding the poetry of their composition and their splendid colouring, the painter has ventured upon ground which no mortal could hope to tread safely, or with any expectation of realizing the truth. The pictures are, to say the least of them, a *mistake*: we said so when we first saw them four or five years ago, and can find nothing now to induce a contrary opinion.

THERE IS IN THE POSSESSION of Mr. Gardner, of 119, Oxford Street, an 'Ecce Homo,' similar to the picture by Correggio, in the national collection, but differing from it in certain parts of the composition. The history of the picture is only known in so far as it was discovered by accident, having another picture painted over it, which being cleaned off, the 'Ecce Homo' came out apparently in very good condition. Having been recently restored and varnished, it looks more brilliant than the national picture; but we have doubts of its being by the hand of Correggio.

MR. DOWLING, an Australian artist of great promise, is exhibiting at Mr. Bebjemann's, 28, Oxford Street, a picture of 'The Presentation in the Temple,' the subject taken from St. Luke, chap. ii., 25th to 40th verses, inclusive. The composition contains numerous figures, conspicuous among which are, of course, Simeon, Mary, Joseph, and Anna the prophetess. The instant action is that of Simeon, who holds up the child Jesus, with the prayer, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation," &c. Throughout the picture there is an interesting variety of character; the heads of Simeon and Joseph are most successful studies, and the sentiment of the whole is devoutly impressive.

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LIBER ALBUS: The White Book of the City of London. Translated from the original by H. T. RILEY, M.A. Published by GRIFFIN and Co., London.

Histories of countries are generally written as if nothing but the political intrigues of state were worth recording; hence all that makes "the life" of the time is generally absent, and the thought and action of the people, the manners and customs that give vitality to them, if noted at all, is generally done in the briefest manner. Dr. Henry was the first to perceive the value of a history of the people; and since he adopted the plan, it has been carefully elaborated by other scholars. Yet we are but on the threshold of this gate to knowledge; the materials are widely scattered, sometimes jealously hidden: it is quite recently that the City of London has permitted its archives to be examined; yet here we may expect to meet with the most valuable material of any. For nearly six hundred years have the citizens preserved a sequence of records, in their muniment room, of incalculable interest. These have withstood all chances of civil wars, all dangers of fire; and here we have an English translation of one which carries us far back in London's ancient history. The Liber Albus was compiled in 1419, by John Carpenter, the official Clerk of the City during the mayoralty of the famous Whittington; and is a

resumé from documents now lost, and of antiquity, when he wrote, of all that might be useful for his successors to know of the usages of the city in its corporate capacity, from the time of the Norman Conquest. "There is hardly a phase or feature," says Mr. Riley, "of English national life, upon which, in a greater or less degree, from these pages, some light is not reflected." Mr. Riley did good service to literature when he edited this book in its original Latin for the series of historic volumes, published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls; but he has added to its utility a hundredfold by his excellent translation in the cheap and handsome quarto we are now called on to notice. It is impossible for us to do more than indicate the interest and value of its contents; but such indication is enough, as no historic student's library can be allowed to want so valuable an addition to its shelves. It is one of the few books, in this age of unlimited printing, of solid and lasting value.

CHRISTMAS; ITS CUSTOMS AND CAROLS. With compressed Vocal Score of Select Choral Illustrations. By W. W. FYFE, author of "Summer Life on Land and Water." Published by J. BLACKWOOD, London.

It is rather early to talk about Christmas; and yet such has been our summer this year that our feelings have as often reminded us of the wintry season as of the time of singing-birds, and scented flowers, and blue skies. If we cannot then cordially welcome Christmas, we at least have little to regret in the loss of that which makes summer delightful.

Perhaps there is nothing which more strikingly distinguishes the age in which we live, with respect to our social habits, from that of our forefathers of even a century back, than the manner in which we recognise Christmas time. It is true our churches are decked with evergreens, we have our social gatherings, and subscriptions are made, in some places, for giving to the poor and destitute a portion of "Christmas fare;" but there is no real large-heartedness, such as used to be in days past, no yule log, no revels and frolics, no carolling of minstrels; one might almost say with Falstaff, "no more cakes and wine;" we have lost the taste for these things, and are become, as some would say, wiser, if not happier. The practical character of the age has absorbed most of that which rendered the lives of our ancestors something more than an endless routine of buying, selling, and getting gain.

Speaking individually, we have a lurking desire for the restoration of, at least, some of those ancient customs so pleasantly described by Mr. Fyfe. If we are doubtful upon the question of spiced tankards and roasted apples before breakfast, there are other things it is certain we should relish heartily; not so much the smoking viands and foaming cups on the hospitable table, as the observances which were characteristic of Christmas: what these were we must leave our readers to learn from the author of this book, who has collected a large mass of entertaining matter illustrative of the subject. But we think even more interesting than this part of the book, is the history of the Christmas carols, with the words and music of a large number of the most ancient and popular. We cannot do better than commend Mr. Fyfe's work to every household, as a help to the rational enjoyment of the approaching festive season.

ARTIST AND CRAFTSMAN. Published by MACMILLAN and Co., London and Cambridge.

This story is a reprint from the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine*, and it is well worthy of appearing as a separate publication. The heroine and hero—the author's gallantry has given the precedence to the lady—are respectively a young orphan girl and a young mechanic; the former is the artist, the latter the craftsman. Clara, the heroine, has been endowed by nature with a fine voice, and proceeds to Italy for the purpose of cultivating it. There she meets with Mark Brandling, the craftsman, who is in the same country engaged on business for his employers: an intimacy springs up between the two, which, after sundry adventures, terminates, as all such matters should do, in their union—after Clara had become a *prima donna*, and turned the heads of half her male Italian auditors, and more than one of her aristocratic countrymen; and Mark had become a partner in the large engineering establishment of "Bright, Braasy, & Co." There are numerous other characters of a secondary, but by no means unimportant, position, who are brought forward on the stage, and add, in no small degree, to the interest of the narrative.

Mark Brandling, before he went to Italy, held political opinions closely allied with Chartism; but when there he accidentally fell into the society of

grasped a white wand, and on the panel is inscribed the motto, "Gloria regni salva manebit," an allusion, perhaps to the defeat of the Armada. Of James I., there has been added a portrait by Van Somer. It is dated 1602, the year before James succeeded to the crown of England, and when he was in his thirty-sixth year. We find also a portrait of Sir Robert Cecil, youngest son of Lord Burghley, and first Earl of Salisbury. The figure is presented at half length, and dressed in black. He was sickly and diminutive, but the portrait conceals personal infirmity and imperfection. He is standing, and on the table near him is a letter, superscribed, "To the Right Honorable Sir Robert Cecil, principall Secretarie, &c. &c." The portrait is on panel, and is dated 1602, when he was thirty-nine years of age.

THE KENSINGTON COLLECTIONS.—Four pictures have been lent for exhibition by Mr. James Bell, the brother of the late Mr. Jacob Bell:—"Otter Hounds," by Sir Edwin Landseer, one of his recent works. It is a long picture, showing the pack swimming in chase, in one of the Scottish rivers or lakes; perhaps more sketchy than any work we have ever seen from the hands of this painter, but there is a fierce character in the dogs which must be true. Another is a Dutch subject by E. W. Cooke, a harbour mouth, with doggers left aground by the tide. The third, by Collins, is entitled "The Embarkation," wherein appears a boat at the end of a jetty, in which a lady passenger with her luggage, is about to embark for a vessel in the offing. The fourth consists of four small figures, by Frith, that have been painted for engraving. With these may be mentioned a portrait of the late Alexander Nasmyth, lent by Mrs. Nasmyth. They are distributed in the Vernon and Sheepshanks collections. The Museum has lately received some important additions from Italy, the result of a journey to that classic land by the curator, J. C. Robinson, F.S.A. Among the works, two or three of which we have briefly noticed before, are some very large sculptures in marble, architectural monuments, which the confined space allotted them in this museum scarcely allows the spectator to fully appreciate: a recessed fountain of much elaboration and beauty absolutely lies on its back on the floor! the others are crowded to the disadvantage of all in a very small room. Chief among them is the marble singing gallery from the Church of Santa Maria Novella, Florence, the work of the sculptor Baccio D'Agnolo (circa 1500); and which the authorities of that church sacrificed, in a desire to "renovate" its details,—a somewhat consolatory proof that English churchwardenship may be matched even in refined and Art-loving Italy. The fountain above-named came from a house in the same city, and is believed to be that mentioned by Vasari, as designed by Sanovrinio, when young. The surface is entirely covered with arabesque of the most delicate design, and was cheaply secured to the collection at the price of £120. A noble chimney-piece, by Donatello; an altar-piece and tabernacle, by Ferucci, of Fiesole; four angle piers of a marble pulpit, the work of Pisano; and some fine sculptured friezes and chimney-pieces abounding in beautiful detail, comprise the works in marble. The enamelled terra-cotta of the Della Robbia family is exhibited in its full grandeur, in the circular relievo obtained from the Villa Ximenes, near Florence, containing the arms of the family surrounded by a massive frame of fruit and foliage, the whole enamelled in various colours; it is eleven feet in diameter, one of the largest works of its class ever executed, and fresh as if it had not had an exposure of three hundred and fifty years to the atmosphere. The altar-piece and ciborium of the same fabric are equally admirable as examples of Lucca's enamelled terra-cottas. Of the *Cassone*, or richly-carved and painted coffers which once decorated the Italian palazzi, we have eight noble specimens, and a few other articles of much interest. The museum is also now enriched by some very important and valuable loans. Mr. Magniac has exhibited his curious collection of early portraits, his wonderful ivories and enamels, and a piece of armour of singular elaboration and beauty; Mr. Barker has sent his fine majolica, glass, and enamels, for the same public good; Mr. Morland some fine early German plate and ceramics; Mr. Fortnum, antique and mediæval bronzes; and Sir Francis Scott, a small collection of enamels. The Duke of Devonshire's gems and the Earl of Salisbury's Art-

works are still on view, and combine to form an unique exhibition which all may profit by visiting, and which we think could be brought together in no other place.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—Workmen are now busily employed in the alterations determined upon in this edifice, from the designs of Captain Fowkes. The large entrance hall, separating the galleries occupied by the National Collection and the Royal Academy, is unroofed, and a considerable portion of the back walls is demolished. It is expected the alterations will not be completed for several weeks.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—Subscriptions towards the purchase of the house in Queen Square, to which this school has recently migrated, continue to come in, but not so rapidly as its friends desire. In addition to those of the city guilds already announced, the court of the Merchant Taylors' Company has, we learn, just voted the sum of twenty guineas, and that of the Salters', the sum of ten pounds.

THE FRIDAY EVENING sketching meetings, at Langham Chambers, commenced for the season on the 12th of October, and will be continued until about the end of April.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—The first award of silver medals made by this society has been adjudged as follows:—For Historical Painting, to Mr. S. Solomon, for his picture of "Moses," in the Royal Academy; for Landscape, to Mr. Vicat Cole, for his "Harvest-Time," in the Suffolk Street Gallery; for Genre Painting, to Mr. H. Tidey, for his "Queen Mab," in the New Water Colour Exhibition; for Sculpture, to Mr. J. Durham, for his statue of "Chastity," in the Royal Academy, and engraved in the *Art-Journal*; for Architecture, to Mr. T. J. Nicholl, for his design for the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Cork; and for Poetry, to Miss Power, for her poem entitled "Virginia's Hand." The principle on which the prizes were adjudicated is stated in the resolution adopted by the committee at the commencement of its labours, wherein it is declared, "that in the award of prizes it is not necessarily intended to assume to determine the best works of the season in the various branches of Art, the committee having the power, with a view of encouraging young and rising talent, to recommend the award of prizes for works of great merit, irrespective of their relative merit compared with others, accompanying the award in all cases by a testimonial, specifying the grounds upon which it is made." This society appears to be assuming the place long occupied by the institution known as the Society of Arts (!) in the Adelphi, which, for many years past, so far as we recollect, has almost, if not entirely, ignored the practice of awarding prizes for works of Art, strictly so entitled, contenting itself now with fostering the progress of science and inventions, which also come within the limits of its legitimate operations. Why that which had been found so advantageous and so encouraging to young artists,—many of whom, stimulated, doubtless, by their success as prize-winners, rose to high distinction in their respective professions,—has been allowed to fall into abeyance, we cannot tell; last year we made some remarks on the fact, but have not heard of any results arising from our comments. We wonder some member of the society, interested in Art, does not bring the matter before the council.

LIVERPOOL SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS.—The council of this institution has selected Mr. Solomon's picture of "Drown'd! Drown'd!" as that entitled to the premium of £100. The subscribers gave an equal number of votes for this painting and Mr. Cross's "Death of Thomas à Becket," but the council, acting as arbitrator, decided in favour of the former. Other works which obtained the suffrages of subscribers were—"The Volunteer," by Mr. O'Neill; "Caractacus leaving Britain a Prisoner," by Mr. Norbury; "A Norwegian Fiord," by Herr Leu; "View of Malaga," M. Bossuet; "The Man of Sorrows," Herr Jacob; and "Caernarvon Castle," by J. B. Pyne.

THE GREAT WATERLOO MEDAL.—At length the public will be afforded the opportunity of seeing, and of acquiring, if they so please, this fine example of numismatic art, by the late Mr. Piatrucci, of which a full description appeared in our columns in the year 1849. Hitherto no attempt has been made to reproduce it, in consequence of the great difficulty of hardening dies of such large dimensions and heavy

weight, the medal measuring five and a-half inches in diameter, and each die weighs twenty pounds. The Lords of the Treasury have now given permission to Mr. Johnson to use the matrices for the purpose of multiplying the medal by the electro process. Our advertisement sheet explains the conditions under which the medal will be published. The possession of this beautiful work of Art cannot fail to be coveted by many.

SUBURBAN MUSEUMS OF ART.—Among the projects entertained for establishing Art-museums in the suburbs of the metropolis, is one for forming such an institution in the north-eastern district; and an appeal is now being made to the inhabitants of that locality for assistance in the work. It is proposed to erect in a suitable situation a building that shall comprise class-rooms for drawing, painting, and modelling, and which also shall include a museum and a picture-gallery: for this purpose a sum of between £4,000 and £5,000 will be required. The scheme, if carried out, will undoubtedly be of great benefit to the very large class of persons engaged in various branches of Art-manufactures resident in this populous neighbourhood, and who are so far removed from the national collections at South Kensington as to be unable, except at great inconvenience, to visit that museum. It is intended to incorporate with it the Finsbury School of Art, and to give to the institution the title of "The North London Gallery, Museum, and School of Art, in connection with the South Kensington Museum." When the scheme is sufficiently advanced, application will be made to Government for assistance.

THE STEREOGRAMA AT CREMORNE.—This is a combination of scenic effect, pictorial beauty, and dexterity, which has seldom or never been surpassed by any of the previously tried means of producing combined effects. But apart from the stereoscopic aspect which is produced by the modelling, the several scenes are magnificently painted, and challenge comparison with the highest efforts of the best living landscape-painters in any walk of that sublime art. Many startling effects can be produced by mechanical ingenuity, while the real waterfall, and the smoking chimneys, and the revolving waterwheels, and the other stereoscopic objects, still or in motion, will no doubt charm the simple, and make the uninitiated wonder; and the success with which these have been managed is not to be gainsaid. Yet it is to the pictorial treatment of the plain surfaces that the attention of the Art-loving public will be chiefly attracted, and on these the most highly-educated artistic minds may dwell long, and the longer with ever-increasing appreciation of the scenes. The clear, aerial depth of the middle distance, and those subdued receding mountains, illumined by gleams of gloriously painted sunshine, with the largeness of style in which these parts are treated, are really wonderful, and add new laurels to Mr. Telbin's fame.

JOHN MARTIN'S three large pictures, "The Last Judgment," "The Great Day of Wrath," and "The Plains of Heaven," the latest works of this artist, are now being exhibited at Mr. Mabley's, in the Strand. With a full appreciation of Martin's genius as a poetical painter of great originality,—a quality which is undoubtedly manifest in these works,—we must yet admit they please us far less than any other of his productions. The subjects are distasteful, because the mind of man can form no adequate idea of the realities, and they are placed on the canvas in a manner by no means calculated to reconcile us to the attempt at illustrating what is far beyond human conception. Themes awful and sublime in themselves are treated as if they were some theatrical pageant or melodramatic representations. Martin might follow Milton into the garden of Eden, or even the fancied regions of Pandemonium; he might introduce us into the festal-hall of Babylon, to the beleaguered city of Nineveh, and to the great sacrificial hill outside of Jerusalem: we can stand with him and contemplate calmly such scenes as these, but in "The Last Judgment" and its companions, notwithstanding the poetry of their composition and their splendid colouring, the painter has ventured upon ground which no mortal could hope to tread safely, or with any expectation of realizing the truth. The pictures are, to say the least of them, a *mistake*: we said so when we first saw them four or five years ago, and can find nothing now to induce a contrary opinion.

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These two magnificent volumes do honour to the Scottish capital, whence they emanate. They evince an amount of patient research and useful labour in their own peculiar field that is creditable to all concerned. Long and wearisome indeed would the labour be to gather the descriptions of thousands upon thousands of family crests from all quarters of the United Kingdom, if such labour was not a labour of love; the tone of the preface assures us of this, for its author exhibits all that enthusiasm for heraldry which its students invariably display, and which makes the uninitiated wonder. Thus, our author declares that the resuscitation of a taste for the science is "important in its bearings on the destinies of the nation." We once knew a clergyman who declared, that as Adam was the first gentleman, he was sure that a proper "coat of arms" had been awarded him. Without going to so great a length, we can safely leave the argument of the moral effect of heraldry in the hands of our author, congratulating him on the successful end of his industry; which is useful to all. The mottoes he brings together are in themselves most curious, and are well translated from the language in which they have been written. The second volume is entirely filled with a series of exquisitely engraved plates of crests, nearly two thousand in number; others devoted to regalia, orders, and flags; to monograms, ornamental letters, and the arms of principal cities. Need we say more in recommendation of so useful and beautiful a reference book?

LIBER ALBUS: The White Book of the City of London. Translated from the original by H. T. RILEY, M.A. Published by GRIFFIN and Co., London.

Histories of countries are generally written as if nothing but the political intrigues of state were worth recording; hence all that makes "the life" of the time is generally absent, and the thought and action of the people, the manners and customs that give vitality to them, if noted at all, is generally done in the briefest manner. Dr. Henry was the first to perceive the value of a history of the people; and since he adopted the plan, it has been carefully elaborated by others scholars. Yet we are but on the threshold of this gate to knowledge; the materials are widely scattered, sometimes jealously hidden: it is quite recently that the City of London has permitted its archives to be examined; yet here we may expect to meet with the most valuable material of any. For nearly six hundred years have the citizens preserved a sequence of records, in their muniment room, of incalculable interest. These have withstood all chances of civil wars, all dangers of fire; and here we have an English translation of one which carries us far back in London's ancient history. The Liber Albus was compiled in 1419, by John Carpenter, the official Clerk of the City during the mayoralty of the famous Whittington; and is a

resumé from documents now lost, and of antiquity, when he wrote, of all that might be useful for his successors to know of the usages of the city in its corporate capacity, from the time of the Norman Conquest. "There is hardly a phase or feature," says Mr. Riley, "of English national life, upon which, in a greater or less degree, from these pages, some light is not reflected." Mr. Riley did good service to literature when he edited this book in its original Latin for the series of historic volumes, published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls; but he has added to its utility a hundredfold by his excellent translation in the cheap and handsome quarto we are now called on to notice. It is impossible for us to do more than indicate the interest and value of its contents; but such indication is enough, as no historic student's library can be allowed to want so valuable an addition to its shelves. It is one of the few books, in this age of unlimited printing, of solid and lasting value.

CHRISTMAS; ITS CUSTOMS AND CAROLS. With compressed Vocal Score of Select Choral Illustrations. By W. W. FYFE, author of "Summer Life on Land and Water." Published by J. BLACKWOOD, London.

It is rather early to talk about Christmas; and yet such has been our summer this year that our feelings have as often reminded us of the wintry season as of the time of singing-birds, and scented flowers, and blue skies. If we cannot then cordially welcome Christmas, we at least have little to regret in the loss of that which makes summer delightful.

Perhaps there is nothing which more strikingly distinguishes the age in which we live, with respect to our social habits, from that of our forefathers of even a century back, than the manner in which we recognise Christmas time. It is true our churches are decked with evergreens, we have our social gatherings, and subscriptions are made, in some places, for giving to the poor and destitute a portion of "Christmas fare;" but there is no real large-heartedness, such as used to be in days past, no yule log, no revels and frolics, no carolling of minstrels; one might almost say with Falstaff, "no more cakes and wine;" we have lost the taste for these things, and are become, as some would say, wiser, if not happier. The practical character of the age has absorbed most of that which rendered the lives of our ancestors something more than an endless routine of buying, selling, and getting gain.

Speaking individually, we have a lurking desire for the restoration of, at least, some of those ancient customs so pleasantly described by Mr. Fyfe. If we are doubtful upon the question of spiced tankards and roasted apples before breakfast, there are other things it is certain we should relish heartily; not so much the smoking viands and foaming cups on the hospitable table, as the observances which were characteristic of Christmas: what these were we must leave our readers to learn from the author of this book, who has collected a large mass of entertaining matter illustrative of the subject. But we think even more interesting than this part of the book, is the history of the Christmas carols, with the words and music of a large number of the most ancient and popular. We cannot do better than commend Mr. Fyfe's work to every household, as a help to the rational enjoyment of the approaching festive season.

ARTIST AND CRAFTSMAN. Published by MACMILLAN and Co., London and Cambridge.

This story is a reprint from the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine*, and it is well worthy of appearing as a separate publication. The heroine and hero—the author's gallantry has given the precedence to the lady—are respectively a young orphan girl and a young mechanic; the former is the *artist*, the latter the *craftsman*. Clara, the heroine, has been endowed by nature with a fine voice, and proceeds to Italy for the purpose of cultivating it. There she meets with Mark Brandling, the craftsman, who is in the same country engaged on business for his employers: an intimacy springs up between the two, which, after sundry adventures, terminates, as all such matters should do, in their union—after Clara had become a *prima donna*, and turned the heads of half her male Italian auditors, and more than one of her aristocratic countrymen; and Mark had become a partner in the large engineering establishment of "Bright, Brassy, & Co." There are numerous other characters of a secondary, but by no means unimportant, position, who are brought forward on the stage, and add, in no small degree, to the interest of the narrative.

Mark Brandling, before he went to Italy, held political opinions closely allied with Chartism; but when there he accidentally fell into the society of

three or four young collegians, spending the long vacation in travelling: they were men of a true aristocracy, both by birth and nature, and Mark's sentiments underwent a decided change; the heat and fierceness of his prejudices abated wonderfully by his closer acquaintance with those whom, as members of another social class, he had hitherto, with manifest injustice, considered in a political sense the active enemies of his own. One of these young men subsequently settled down as a clergyman, in the district where Mark was residing, on his return to England; and both, "in their higher and lower walk, were manifestly 'fervent in business, serving the Lord.' Engineers' and parsons' work, are, doubtless, different in kind and in degree of nobleness; but both were manfully and nobly wrought by them, each in that state of life to which the Master of all had called him." It was this religious feeling, operating in the mind of Brandling, that induced a rupture between him and Clara, which for a considerable time divided them and threatened a lasting separation. Clara was a high-souled girl, possessing the noblest feelings, and a mind of the purest sentiments; but she was devoted to her art, and her lover's remark to her, that one who followed the profession of the stage, was unworthy of being addressed as "maid or wife," was an affront to her cherished vocation she could not overlook.

We have said enough, it may be presumed, to afford a clue to the sentiment of the tale: the author has worked out his idea with much ingenuity, and with a success that sustains the attention of the reader through the volume. The moral it conveys is good; the characters are well drawn and natural, and the descriptive passages most pleasantly sketched. The scenes lie partly in England, partly in Italy, whereby an agreeable variety is obtained. "Artist and Craftsman" is very far above the average of novels, both in conception and execution.

TRAITS OF CHARACTER; being Twenty-five Years' Literary and Personal Recollections. By a CONTEMPORARY. 2 vols. HURST & BLACKETT.

In these volumes there is much to interest "the general reader;" but they are utterly insufficient to satisfy those who, as well as the writer, have "personal recollections" of the remarkable men and women of whom "Traits of Character" are given. It is somewhat surprising, indeed, that an author who obviously moved in good society, and lived among the worthies of a time gone by, should have so little to say of them that is either novel, attractive, or instructive. Scarcely a stray anecdote has been "picked up;" and if there be any "traits of character," they are such as are not peculiar to the party described, but are common to mankind. We do not find a passage that brings forcibly to our memory a single individual of the twenty-four—beginning with Lord Melbourne, and ending with Mrs. Norton—to "recollections" of whom the books are dedicated. Still, they contain some pleasant gossip concerning celebrities; usually written in a genial and kindly spirit; without much pretence; seldom assuming to be the result of rare opportunities; never attempting depth, but skimming merely the surface of "characters."

The writer is a lady—that is clear; she cannot be young, for although her reminiscences assume to be of only twenty-five years, she writes of two or three who were dead before the year of our Lord, 1835. That she is still living is pretty certain, for her "personal recollections" include a few men of mark who are at present in their prime—such are the Rev. Mr. Belieu and the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. It would have been wiser, and in better taste, to have omitted notices of them from these volumes.

POPULAR MANUAL OF BOTANY; being a Development of the Rudiments of the Botanical Science, without Technical Terms. By CHRISTOPHER DRESSER, Ph.D., F.E.S.S. With Illustrations by JOHN S. CUTHBERT. Published by A. & C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

Just in proportion as a man of high attainments finds it a difficult task to adapt his conversation or his writings, when he makes the attempt, to the capacity of a child, does the man who is thoroughly versed in an abstruse science meet with similar obstacles when he seeks to enlighten the uninitiated on the mysteries of the knowledge he has acquired. Writers upon scientific subjects have so hedged them in with technical, and, as they seem to many, incomprehensible terms, that it has become necessary for the student to make himself master of successive lines of formidable outposts ere he can sit quietly down to lay siege to the fortress containing the treasures he would acquire. By this practice both

teacher and pupil are placed in a false position with regard to each other, and also with regard to what each is aiming at, while the latter is not unfrequently deterred from persevering in the pursuit by the difficulties he has to contend with at the very outset. "Almost every book of science," says a writer in *Household Words*, quoted by the author of the book before us, "is a stream alive with long-jawed alligators, among which no such small fish as a general reader dares to swim."

Now the primary object of Dr. Dresser's Manual is to drive away these "alligators," so as to leave the "small fish" space and opportunity for playing in the waters without apprehension; or, to drop the metaphor, it is written with the intention of placing before the general reader the rudiments of botany in plain intelligible language—that is, in literal English. Such a book cannot fail to be generally acceptable to the young student of the science. The plan of the work, moreover, is simple, developing the plant or tree through its various stages of life and growth, from the inanimate seed till it has become a tree in whose branches the birds of the air lodge, or a mass of flowers whose fragrance is scattered abroad by the passing wind. We cordially recommend this little treatise to all who desire a knowledge of the rudiments of botany, but who do not care to be considered learned because they may chance to have acquired the meaning of a few technicalities: it will serve too as an excellent introduction to Dr. Dresser's more advanced writings on the subject—his "Rudiments of Botany," and his "Unity in Variety."

A DESCRIPTION OF THE HUMAN BODY; its Structure and Functions. By JOHN MARSHALL, F.R.S., F.R.C.S., Surgeon to the University College Hospital, London, and Lecturer of Anatomy in the Science and Art Department, South Kensington. Published by DAY & SON, London.

We direct attention to these volumes, one of which is entirely occupied by numerous anatomical illustrations, not so much because they will be found valuable to artists, but for their general utility. The object of the author in the publication is sufficiently and satisfactorily explained by the following extract from the prospectus:—

"The opinion now generally prevailing, that some acquaintance with the sciences which teach us the structure and functions of our own bodies, should form a part of a liberal education for the higher classes, and of a useful education for all, and the introduction of the subjects of anatomy and physiology into many public examinations, have made it incumbent on tutors and teachers to acquire an exact, though, in comparison with the wants of the medical profession, a limited knowledge of those departments of natural science. The present work is designed expressly to supply the means of acquiring such a knowledge; and, accordingly, in respect of fulness of detail, occupies a position midway between the strictly medical and the general educational treatise. It is offered to the public, however, not only as an attempt to meet the expanding wants of the non-medical teacher of the young of both sexes, but also as well calculated for the purposes of self-tuition on the part of the nobility, clergy, and gentry, amongst whom there is now evidently awakened a desire for precise information on the subjects of which it treats."

To express a decided opinion upon a work so strictly scientific as this, would be quite beyond our province and capacity; it must suffice to say that it seems to us to be written in as clear and popular a style as such a subject can be to the unprofessional. The writer holds rank among the highest members of his profession; no man is more extensively known or more generally respected: his work, then, is sure to be well received by his own "order" as well as by the public. The volume of chromo-lithographic prints is from the famous and always accurate press of Messrs. Day; they are consequently of great merit, remarkable for a simple and pure style of Art, very different from the glaring and gaudy prints of this class to which we have been accustomed.

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE. Published by ASHBEA and DANORFIELD, London.

Two chromo-lithographic views, from drawings by Mr. S. Stanesby: one of the exterior of Shakespeare's house in Henley Street, taken before the recent alterations; the other, of the room in which the great dramatist is said to have been born. As pictures, we must commend them more for the fidelity than for any superior merit as works of Art; but this truthfulness it is which will render them really valuable. We want what we have—Shakespeare's home—not what an artist's fancy might work it up

to, to render it pictorially acceptable: yet a little less bright red in the exterior view might have judiciously been used without sacrifice of truth, and with more agreeable effect.

TENBY. By MR. and MRS. S. C. HALL. Published by R. MASON, Tenby.

This is a republication of the papers which have appeared in the *Art-Journal*, under the same title. They are now reprinted in a form to render the book a neat and portable "guide." We think, however, Mr. Mason might have had more justice done to the wood-cuts, the work of some of our best artists and engravers, which say, in their present appearance, little in favour of those who executed them. If the cuts had been as carefully printed as the text, it would have proved a great advantage.

A CRUISE IN THE PACIFIC, from the Log of a Naval Officer. Edited by CAPTAIN FANTON AYLMER. 2 vols. Published by HURST and BLACKETT, London.

This is a very interesting work. It is written in a sailor's style, and with a sailor's spirit. Without pretending to develop much original information or research, the book is fresh,—full both of useful matter and amusing anecdote. The writer deserves credit for a fervent appreciation of natural beauty, whether in men or landscapes; an earnest enjoyment of everything; and a fair power of expression. "A Cruise in the Pacific" can hardly fail to be popular with the general reader. There are not many places more replete with interesting association than the isles of the Pacific, where are laid the scenes of some of the most absorbing stories of our childhood. Without the Island of Juan Fernandez "Robinson Crusoe" would never have been written; Pitcairn's Island will ever be famous as the asylum of the mutineers of the *Bounty*; "Cook's Voyages" are most interesting where they treat of the Otaheites; and Owhyhee will ever be remembered as the scene of that great captain's tragic end. A description of "St. Sebastian," commonly known as "Rio," enables the author to say a few strong words against the wretched postal system of Brazil; but this gives place to an equally earnest encomium on the numerous charitable institutions of the town, where neither caste nor creed is marked. The evil character of the priests of South America is confirmed; they are a set of men raised from the dregs of society, resorting to the gown as a refuge from the fate their crimes would often entail upon them, and using that gown as a cloak for the worst excesses of which men can be guilty.

The peculiar customs of the Fijians furnish matter for many amusing and interesting pages; and the Marquesas, the far-famed "land of flower, fun, and sunshine," give the author an opportunity of showing his keen appreciation of natural beauty: be sure he has not forgotten a tribute of admiration to the proverbially fair of Valparaiso.

It is well to have the opportunity of studying the habits and manners of countries the spirit of which is so directly opposed to that of our own; to leave the smoke of London, and breathe, if only in imagination, the gales of the Pacific; to live, as it were, for a brief space, among the rude conventionalities of the Pacific islanders.

When the reader has perused these volumes, he will admit, with their author, that "a sailor's life is a roving life, and that the wonders and beauty of God's world are inexhaustible."

URE'S DICTIONARY OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND MINES. Edited by ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S., F.S.S. Part XII. Published by LONGMAN and Co., London.

Both editor and publisher are keeping good faith with the public by the regularity with which they issue the new edition of this popular Dictionary. It has now reached twelve parts; three more only are required to complete the work; so that the first month of the ensuing year will, in all probability, see it finished. The present part ends with the first portion of a long article on printing; but to the artist and Art-manufacturer, the most interesting pages in this number will be those devoted to photography—from the pen of the editor, we presume, though his modesty has omitted the initial letters found, generally, after the articles written by the respective contributors—and the article on pottery. Mr. Hunt is doing his laborious work thoroughly and well, so much so as to leave no doubt that Dr. Ure's scientific encyclopædia will long continue to be what it long has been, a standard book of reference and instruction.

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